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VOL. LXIII  
No. 3.

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# THE ENGLISH REVIEW

28th Year of Publication

## CURRENT COMMENTS

SEPTEMBER 1936

### Long Vacation

**I**N August and September Parliament is in recess and the Cabinet dispersed. This may perhaps give a measure of re-assurance to a politically-harassed country. Indeed, we might well emulate in our public life the example set by the City. In times of grave financial crisis they close the Stock Exchange ; in times of grave national crisis we might do well to adjourn Parliament and dismiss the Cabinet. Since Ministers' withdrawal to their own and each other's country seats, domestic issues have been over-shadowed by foreign affairs. To the present generation of parliamentarians this is a very gratifying circumstance. For it is understood that in foreign affairs this country is a passive instrument re-acting to events controlled by stronger wills abroad ; initiative and action are not expected of our politicians. In the business of trumpeting opinions on the iniquities perpetrated by those of opposite parties abroad, politicians on both sides of the House find a task more congenial and less embarrassing than that of addressing themselves to constructive measures to ameliorate the domestic lot of their fellow-countrymen.

### Unemployment : The Parliamentary Approach

**T**HE last considerable discussion of Parliament before it adjourned was devoted to domestic affairs. The dis-

cussion centred round the new Unemployment Regulations, a matter of paramount importance directly to several million English people, and indirectly to the whole country. The course of the debate illustrated graphically and pathetically the weakness of our parliamentary representatives at the present time. There was the usual back-chat and vilification thrown from one side of the House to the other in terms which would be considered obvious and cheap if employed by the Lower Fourth at a preparatory school for girls. This sums up that part of the debate with which the popular press thought it right to instruct and edify their readers. In fact, of course, this comprised a comparatively short amount of the time devoted to this long debate. It follows that it would matter little if these unseemly displays had been only the outcome of moments of irritation incongruously injected into the course of a serious and constructive debate. Unfortunately, they were the high light of a mediocre and negative discussion. The Socialist Party loves to debate the Means Test because it enables them to repeat the cheap and illogical generalisations with which, in an atmosphere of turmoil, they secured their return to Parliament. The Conservative Party, weighed down by their Liberal conviction that to reply to claptrap is to show oneself re-actionary and unprogressive, seem incapable of making any contribution other than that of stuttering apology.

#### **Unemployment: The Real Problem**

THE debate in short proceeded on entirely negative lines for three days and left the position as it was before. What is that position? The position, in effect, is this: both the political parties in their hearts recognise the present figure of unemployed as permanent. That is the sum of their achievement and the measure of their condemnation. No form of government will be ultimately satisfactory, from whatever party it is constituted, that

does not see its way to taking a real basic view of the unemployment problem. It is little good trying to foist economically unwanted and economically uncatered for new industries in the distressed areas ; such well-meaning schemes are in the nature of things doomed to failure. The only rational method of attacking the problem is to consider the industrial demand and the labour supply and the relation between them. In this country to-day, though there is heavy unemployment, there is in most districts an increasing shortage of skilled labour. It is, however, impossible to recruit skilled labour from the ranks of uninstructed and demoralised unemployed. No government will be successfully attacking the unemployment problem which does not set itself to equate the demand for skilled labour with the supply of unskilled. Skilled labour, or craftsmanship, is always socially desirable ; now it is becoming increasingly an economic necessity. But a policy of drift and dole does not make for the supply of skilled labour. Its inevitable consequence is the accumulation of labour that is not only unskilled, but, through continued lack of application, incompetent to labour at all. To tackle this equation is clearly a task for government.

#### Unemployment : Can The Government Help ?

**I**N Germany, with industrial prospects considerably less bright than our own, they have seen the necessity of this, and readers of *The English Review* will have observed in Mr. Ludovici's articles some of the results of their organisation of Labour Camps. Some such system may become necessary in this country if the unemployed are to remain employable and if the gaps in our industrial forces are to be filled from the ranks of our industrially unemployed. When will the Government show signs of doing this ? Measures are needed which may not be popular. To implement such measures the Government requires courage. The present Government is perhaps too

amorphous, too unwieldy and too negative in its outlook to have the courage of action. If it cannot acquire it, it will be condemned, not only at the polls, but in the more lasting records of history.

### **The Beef Subsidy**

**A** GAIN the Government has compromised and allotted an insufficient sum to the cattle industry. Possibly five millions of public money will be wasted, as it will not assist agriculture materially even if it keeps a few farmers liquid for a while longer. Here is one of those cases where insufficient is really worse than nothing. There can be no compromise between fixing a standard price for a commodity and continuing the present system with its mutually destructive bargaining interests. The Government seems mesmerised by the old Free Trade idea that the market price is the correct price even if it is dictated by unfair competition and is wasting a vital national asset. Incidentally the various agricultural commodity subsidies so-called are not subsidies at all. They represent the growth of a new economic system, a return to the old practise, whereby prices were fixed by the sovereign government having regard to the circumstances in which a commodity was produced. Major Dorman Smith, the President of the National Farmers' Union, whose article on agriculture appeared in our July issue, summed the matter up in the House of Commons' debate. "The last thing on earth that agriculture wants," he said, "is subsidies. We hate them. What we want is the opportunity to sell our goods at an economic price according to the standards of this country." The object of raising prices is to enable some branch of national activity to be carried on in a decent and professional manner. Mr. Elliott has forgotten this and is obsessed with the idea of placating farmers and buying urban votes with cheap food. He said so in effect during the debate. One cannot argue with the statesman who regards a cattle

subsidy in terms of cheap meat. The disbursement of public funds can only be justified by professional standards, not political considerations. It is because our countryside is losing condition yearly from the strain of milk production and chemical stimulation that it is essential for it to feel again the tread of "the golden hoof." Cattle are the keystone of sound agriculture and a prosperous countryside.

#### **The Minister's Dilemma**

THE truth is clear and cannot be gainsaid by any scientific sophistry. If Mr. Elliott is only trying to reconcile the interests of the farmer and his Kelvingrove constituents he is an enemy of the countryside and is abusing his confidence with the farmers. The only common ground between the lure of private gain on the one hand and cheap food on the other is the paramount interest of the land itself. This simple fact appears to be well understood in Germany and Italy

#### **An Unsatisfactory Position**

THE June 4 agricultural returns recently published provide no grounds for encouragement. Agriculture is not expanding and judged by correct farming standards there is no improvement in agricultural practise. Out of a total of nearly 36 million acres under cultivation in 1935 there was an actual reduction of 76,609 acres, and there are 280,000 acres less under the plough. Readers of the August issue of *The English Review* will have noted in Mr. Ludovici's second article on the Third Reich that in Germany 15,437 square miles of agricultural land (about half the size of Portugal) has been reclaimed in the last few years and even brought into additional cultivation. The prices of wheat were responsible for a fall in that crop by almost four per cent. Barley recovered only 27,000 of the 60,000 acres lost the previous year. The importance

of this fact it is impossible to overstress. Although for political motives wheat is the darling crop of the Government, barley means far more to the English countryside. It was the collapse of barley prices and the self-interest of the brewers that turned the best farmers in the country into bankrupts or second-class graziers. Sugar beet has declined by almost three per cent. following a three times greater decline in 1935. The eye glances to the state of crops grown for fodder to see if by some happy chance the stock have returned to their traditional and rightful place in the beet-growing counties. However, the figures do not bear this out. The increase in kale and vetches in no way counter-balances the disappearance of the more expensively cultivated mangold, swede and turnip. In short, the only improvement is in vegetables grown for human consumption and dairy cattle, which show a marked increase. Let us derive small comfort from the fact that land growing vegetables is at least under cultivation against a national emergency and is presumably employing labour.

#### **This Restlessness**

**S**IR CHRISTOPHER BULLOCK has been rightly dismissed from his post as Permanent Secretary to the Air Ministry. The impropriety of his actions was admitted but he has revealed a greater sin, too common nowadays. In past days when people were brought up in a tradition or trained for a particular work there was respect. To-day too many people are living by their wits and too ready to remove themselves from pillar to post in the search of more lucrative employment or personal advancement: it is due to commercial standards prevailing over professional, the assessment of success over work. When this fever spreads to people in authority it has a profound effect on morale. From the days of Pepys the Civil Service has had an honourable, if not inspiring, tradition, and it should strenuously resist any attempt to turn itself into

an avenue to careers. The political heads will introduce a sufficient element of demoralisation on this score. Moreover, a higher standard is expected from the Ministries representing the fighting services and the Air Ministry has a tradition to build up.

### Our Thanks are Due

**I**N spite of the efforts of politicians and the Press, a strong fellow-feeling with the Germans is growing in England. Italy, France and Spain have made their contributions recently towards the awakening of the English.

Italy caused us to remember the functions of a navy, she stirred a dying memory of colonial activity; she taught us the value of being boycotted; she killed a treacherous interest in Geneva and brought us out of our post-war coma, and, above all, drew attention to the widening breach between the House of Commons and the people.

Our grateful thanks are also due to M. Léon Blum. It is stimulating to have an outpost of Soviet Russia so near our shores. It calls our old men from their golf and our young men from their cricket. It quickens the conversation in the bars and clubs. It is of more value than many recruiting posters. To us, who think more easily of types of men than abstractions and policies, M. Blum supplies an interesting counterpart to Herr Hitler. We can place their pictures side by side and say "This is France," "and This is Germany."

It is impossible for Englishmen to watch without sympathy the best types in Spain struggling against the gross products of the polls and the armed mobs. London, Liverpool and Glasgow might each produce a mob as dangerous in its way as Barcelona's, and we must look not only to the Communist Party for their organization and equipment. Their natural leaders are in high places. The Spanish Civil War has given us further grounds for a closer understanding with the Germans.

**Anti-Semitism**

THE rising tide of anti-Semitism in England should not be ignored, but to pick on a few leading Jews in the City and to say "They are the cause of the trouble" is, perhaps foolish, for a similar list of Gentiles might be compiled. The error of Jew-baiting may be compared to the error of germ-hunting in medicine. It may be proved that the germ does the damage, but a germ-hunt is an unsatisfactory substitute for the cultivation of the body's natural resistance to germs. For national survival requires something more creative than Jew-baiting. It requires a change of heart, a binding back to the lessons of the past, a rekindling of old fires.

**The Headmaster Looks Afield**

MR. LYON, the Headmaster of Rugby, has been addressing his pupils on the troubled state of the modern world. He has been telling them how school life is training them to play their part in it. To this end he exhorted them "to think clearly, to see through pretence, to despise the second-rate." He proceeded, "in our games we are not, I hope, encouraging them to think that success is all that matters, however it may be won. Indeed, the excellent discipline of the football field may in future years teach them not to view with indifference any future tyrant who, with a fine disregard for the rules of the game, may batter and bomb and gas his way into an innocent and peaceful country."

**The Rules of the Game**

IT should not be forgotten that there is a tablet at Rugby commemorating the exploit of one, William Webb Ellis, who, with a fine disregard for football as played at that time, first picked up the ball in his arms and ran, thus instituting the distinctive feature of the Rugby game.

The Headmaster may have been lead astray by that time-honoured snare for orators, the opportunity of making a joke.

#### Clear Thinking at Rugby

**M**OREOVER, as appeared earlier in the Headmaster's speech, Rugby was Major Burgoyne's old school, and feelings may have run pardonably high—"As always, we have to mourn this year the deaths of many distinguished Old Rugbians . . . one which, perhaps, appealed particularly to this school, Major G. A. Burgoyne, who gave his life in the service of the Ethiopian Red Cross . . ."

But after due allowance for Major Burgoyne and William Webb Ellis we are left perhaps the more surprised at Mr. Lyon as an interpreter of clear thinking to the young.

#### British Aircraft for Spain

**I**T seems likely that by the time the Government has been able to take the steps necessary to prohibit the sale of aircraft for the assistance of either side in the Spanish Civil War there will be little further need for Government action. This country has for the past fortnight been scoured for suitable planes by emissaries of both sides. Although the sympathies of the aircraft owners is actually and properly with the Loyalists under General Franco, from a business point of view, the Government is a far more satisfactory purchaser. The Government enriched by the spoil from convents and monasteries, and with the gold deposited at the Bank of Spain at its disposal, is able to offer immediate cash as soon as its emissaries obtain the offer of a suitable plane. The other side have not only to locate aircraft but having done this have to obtain an option on them for as long as possible to give them time to raise the money required, which has to be done in each case by

## CURRENT COMMENTS

making personal application to adherents of the Monarchist cause in London, Paris and Biarritz. This is sometimes a slow process, and at least on occasion certain planes destined for the Loyalists were actually sold to the Government as the company owning the planes having already given an option to the Loyalists for a week refused to renew this after the expiration of the period, and sold to the Government.

**Signs of the Times**

**T**HIS is not a time when Belgium can afford to be without a Government.

—*The Times*, June 11. Leader, "The Belgian Crisis."

It is thought that more latitude will be allowed than is usual in Russian trials and the prisoners may be allowed to defend themselves.

—*Daily Telegraph*, August 15th.

Clearly an answer to the last British Note must come. All that British opinion expects of it is that it shall open the door of the conference room.

—*The Times*, June 19. Leader on Foreign Policy and Germany.

For the moment it is enough to point out that most of the Government's supporters would rally to any arrangements which gave them decision and leadership.

—*The Times*, July 3. Leader, "Mr. Baldwin's Return."

It may be that the system of Parliamentary government which suits Great Britain suits few other countries besides.

—*Ibid.*

I don't think that I went into the homes of any of these ex-Bright Young People without discovering some of the popular Gollancz Left-Wing books. These young people are turning to the left. They have enquiring minds. They have ceased to worship tradition. They have ideas.

—*The Star*, July 29

All friends of Spain would rejoice if both sides could refrain from the brutal slaughter of captives which has been such a horrible feature of the war, and if the Government partisans would give up the revolting practice of burning sacred buildings.

—*The Times*, August 10. Leader, "Collective Neutrality."

# The Disappointing War. II

By Evelyn Waugh

*[This month Mr. Evelyn Waugh treats of the relationship between Italy and Abyssinia and the life of Menelik.]*

The Italians first established themselves in the Red Sea by the purchase—by a private trading company which was later absorbed by the state—of the small port of Assab on the edge of the Damakil country. In 1885 at the invitation of the British, they settled further West at Massawa. The collapse of Turkish-Egyptian power was promising a redistribution in this part of Africa (it had the double effect of laying open to occupation a number of important towns both on the coast and in the interior and at the same time leaving an extremely dangerous neighbour in the Soudan; the pressure on the flank of both parties by the Mahdist must be taken into account throughout the succeeding years). We had temporarily used Massawa to assist the evacuation of the Soudan garrisons; it was a place of few attractions, troublesome and expensive to maintain, but in the existing condition of competitive expansion it was certain that our evacuation would immediately result in its occupation by another power; always anxious for the safety of our route to India, we preferred that it should fall to a small and friendly state, rather than to France. Accordingly we persuaded the Italians to take on our responsibility, pointing out that though the town itself was far from desirable it offered a fine starting point for the exploitation of the interior. From then, for fifty years, our policy was to encourage Italian penetration in Abyssinia.

The hinterland between Massawa and Tigre was at that time one of the most insecure districts in Africa and Italian progress met with some reverses, the worst of which was the massacre at Dogeli of a part-military part-scientific exploring expedition of 500 men by an ambush

of twenty thousand Tigreans, but at John's death in 1889 Abyssinia again seemed to disintegrate and offer an opportunity for Italian intervention of the kind that was proving successful all over Africa.

The mismanagement of this opportunity has been fully examined from every point of view.\* The radical causes were indecision and false economy by the parliamentary government in Rome, undue and ignorant interference with the men on the spot, a contradictory policy pursued by the men on the spot due largely to the difficulties of communication between the Italians treating with Menelik and those treating with Mangasha, a fatal but very natural under-estimation of the abilities of Menelik, and a less excusable failure to realise the basic unity that lay below the superficial antagonisms of the Abyssinian rulers.

John had acknowledged two successors, Menelik, Ras of Shoa, and Mangasha of the Tigre, his illegitimate son, both of whom commanded a very powerful following. Menelik was little known in the North, but while John was busy with the Dervishes and the Italians, he had been making sensational conquests in the non-Abyssinian countries in the West and South, among the Kaffa and Galla peoples, the most important of which was the Emirate of Harar, an ancient, wealthy and cultured Arab city state, recently evacuated by its Egyptian garrison, over which he put his nephew Ras Makonnen. From then onwards Harar suffered more continuously and acutely than any part of the empire from direct Abyssinian rule until its final destruction in 1936 by the forces to whom it looked for salvation. Menelik, in these expeditions, was furnished with arms and advice by a number of more or less shady Europeans, the majority of whom were French; his soldiers were better equipped and better organised than any in Africa. Any enemy of his could count on support from his Mohammedan neighbours, in particular

\* Perhaps the best source for the English reader is *The Campaign of Adowa and the Rise of Menelik* by G. F.-H. Berkeley, 1902.

## THE DISAPPOINTING WAR—II

from the powerful Sultan of Aussa and the Somalis of the Ogaden.

Mangasha had the prestige which still surrounded the historic North, the sacred city of Axum, the original home of the Abyssinian people ; he had moreover the loyalty—about the only unqualified loyalty discernible in the whole affair—of the great warrior Ras Alula, who, immediately on John's death, drove out Menelik's agent Seyoum. The factions were thus, apparently, equally matched and Italian policy alternated disastrously between the two ; their forces meanwhile pushed forward and occupied what, in 1935, constituted the Italian colony of Eritrea, including large sections of purely Abyssinian highland. When Baldissera, the leader of this advance, resigned, the Italian party in favour of a Shoan alliance was left supreme. Accordingly two treaties were concluded with Menelik, acknowledging his position as Emperor, establishing a protectorate of his dominions, and fixing a frontier between it and the Italian colony. This situation was accepted by the European powers, and when, in December, 1889, Menelik announced his accession, he was informed by Great Britain and Germany that he had acted improperly in addressing himself to them directly instead of through the Italian government. In March, 1890, Abyssinia was represented by Italy at the second Congress of Brussels. Atlases of the period mark an area broken only by the French "Protectorate of Tajurra" (French Somaliland) and an indefinite British strip on the South coast of the Gulf of Aden, as "Italian Abyssinia." The matter, however, was far from being settled. There were ambiguities in the Amharic version of the treaty of Ucciali, of which Menelik quickly took advantage. Count Antonelli, who had negotiated it, hurried back to Shoa. Negotiations were resumed with all the cumbrous machinery of the Abyssinian court ; the prevarications and evasions, the diplomatic illnesses, the endless exchanges of irrelevant compliments, the lethargy and cunning of which Menelik was a master. At length

it was agreed that he should accept a protectorate for five years and the Italians should give up some of the ground they had won in Tigre. The matter was settled and signed; Antonelli examined the document with his interpreter and discovered that its provisions were exactly contrary to what had been decided—a complete renunciation by Italy of all rights in Abyssinia. Menelik regretted that there had been a misunderstanding but refused to reopen the matter. It was a trick that would have been childish enough, were it not backed by a daily increasing armed strength. Still the Roman government could not decide on resolute action. Negotiations were begun through other channels. Finally, in February, 1893, in a supremely ill-considered attempt at conciliation, the Italians made Menelik a present of a huge consignment of cartridges. He at once formally denounced the treaty of Ucciali. He had got all he wanted. A month later he sent a declaration to the powers asserting his independence and defining his frontiers so that they included two provinces under Italian administration and vast tracts of neighbouring country where his troops had not hitherto set foot. The Italians had not only armed their enemy but they had antagonised their remaining allies. The caravan of ammunition had proceeded slowly from Harar attracting a maximum of attention. All over the Aussa and the Ogaden it was known that the Italians were betraying them; from Tigre Mangasha came to make his submission. Four years before the Tigreans had refused Menelik entrance to Axum for his coronation; now they allowed him to introduce men of his own into all their commands. He could contemplate war without misapprehension.

Nothing can be further from historical fact than to picture Menelik as a black Bruce, recklessly defying a powerful invader. He had calculated his chances and his opportunities astutely. He was well informed about the relative strengths of the European powers. He was no savage chief to whom any white face was a divine or

diabolic portent. He knew that the Italians were a poor people, with no recent military tradition ; their government was hampered by the ineptitude in handling parliamentary forms consistently shown by the Mediterranean peoples. The British had spent £9,000,000 on their expedition against Theodore ; Rome now reluctantly voted £750,000. Menelik knew that if the British met with a reverse, as they had at Khartoum, they would draw on their limitless reserves and, in their own time, return in overwhelming strength ; if the Italians failed, they would fail finally.

The defeat, in the spring of 1896, was decisive but far from ignominious ; at the opening of the campaign Baratieri fought a masterly action against the Dervishes, while Tosselli subdued the Tigre in three days. In 1895 the Italians held the line Adowa-Makale-Adigrat and in 1896 had an advance post at Amba Alagi. Then Menelik arrived in the North in overpowering strength ; his speed of mobilization had been beyond the calculations of European strategists ; until the last, disastrous days the Italians were completely unaware of the numbers that were coming against them ; each man carrying his own rations and ammunition, trotting indefatigably along the mountain tracks from all corners of the four kingdoms, a force of 100,000 men had silently assembled. Up to the last moment, even after the Italian retreat had begun, Ras Makonnen, the father of Haile Selassie, was flirting with Italian proposals to desert ; finally he threw himself, with the Harar garrison, on to Menelik's side. At Adowa, on March 1, Baratieri's army was annihilated by a well equipped force outnumbering it by eight to one.

During the preceding retreat and in the hopeless final engagement acts of courage on the part of the Italian officers and of fidelity on the part of the native troops were performed which would have lent glory to any army. Nearly 1,000 white troops were killed and 3,000 or 4,000 askaris ; few wounded survived ; the white prisoners

who were brought to Menelik himself were well treated and eventually released.\*

Glutted with victory, Menelik's army began to disperse and he was unable to follow up his advantage; the Italians rallied, defeated the Dervishes, reconquered Kasala and checked the Abyssinian advance at Tukruf, while another force moved to the relief of Adigrat. Till then Menelik had hoped to clear Tigre of the invaders; he now came to terms and a boundary was drawn, which remained in force until October, 1935, leaving a substantial corner of Abyssinia within the colony of Eritrea. In return Italy withdrew all claims to a protectorate.

In the twelve years which followed Menelik created the Ethiopian Empire.† The process was closely derived from the European model; sometimes the invaded areas were overawed by the show of superior force and accepted treaties of protection; sometimes they resisted and were slaughtered with the use of the modern weapons which were being imported both openly and illicitly in enormous numbers; sometimes they were simply recorded as Ethiopian without their own knowledge. Already, before the Italian war, Menelik had taken possession of huge Galla and Guraghi territories to the south-west of Shoa. In 1897 he sent an expedition into Kaffa, captured the king, and absorbed the country. In 1898 Makonnen defeated and secured the nominal allegiance of the Somali tribes of the Ogaden. In the same year a Frenchman in Menelik's employ, Léon Danegon, returned to Addis Ababa after a triumphal expedition at the head of 15,000 Abyssinian soldiers, which had penetrated nearly to the shores of

\* In an attempt to minimise the savagery of the victorious army, it is claimed that only thirty white prisoners were castrated. The truth is that only thirty survived and returned to Rome; innumerable others were reckoned among those killed in action; a few are said to have lived but to have preferred, in shame, to remain in Africa.

† In the following pages "Abyssinian" will be used to qualify the Amharic-speaking, Semitic, Christian peoples of the four mountain kingdoms; "Ethiopian" the tribes and naturalised immigrants (of whom there are a considerable number) subject to their rule.

Lake Rudolf; he presented Menelik with an itinerary specifying the tribes and villages visited, all of which were promptly declared Ethiopian territory. A similar expedition, twice as strong, led by a Russian had been sent out the previous year; it now returned to report the submission of kings and peoples of Ghimirra. Kadaret, Kallabat, Fazogli were captured by his nephew Tasama, accompanied by French, Swiss, and Russian advisers, and the Ethiopian flag was planted on the banks of the White Nile. In 1899 Borana, a long strip of lowland on the Soudanese border—Beni Shangul, Gunza and Gubba—were conquered, and a second attempt was made on the Ogaden where 9,000 Somalis were killed in a battle south of Jijiga. In 1900 there were further submissions by the Nilotic peoples north of Lake Rudolf; a campaign was launched against the Aussa, who did not submit until 1909, at the same time as the Sultanates of Teru and Biru. During this period there were three formidable risings in Tigre; Gojam was put under Shoan rule in 1901 after its king had been poisoned. In 1903 there was another campaign against the Ogaden.\* In 1913 Menelik died after having spent his later years in a partially comatose condition; he left his country with nominal dominion over an area three or four times its size, inhabited by a complex variety of peoples all totally dissimilar to it in religion, language, race and history.

It is impossible to give any general survey of the government of the subject provinces; material is scanty and conditions varied so radically from place to place that the observations of no particular traveller can be accepted as having any universal application. In general it may be said that, with the exception of the Hararis, the Mohammedan peoples came off the most lightly; the Sultan of Jimma retained virtual independence until 1933; the Danakils, Aussa and Somalis were left in their savage condition, unworried except by the occasional visits of Imperial tax gatherers—an event which had

\* *A History of Ethiopia* by Sir E. A. Wallis Budge, 1928.

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more the complexion of a raid by brigands than an administrative act. The pagan peoples of the South and West were treated with wanton brutality unequalled even in the Belgian Congo. Some areas were depopulated by slavers; in others Abyssinian garrisons were permanently quartered on the people, whose duty it was to support them and their descendants. Abyssinian officials, with retinues which varied in size from a royal guard to a standing army, lived upon the work and taxes of the original inhabitants; their function was not to protect but to hold in subjection; fighting was the only occupation they recognised. It was not a question of a tolerable system being subject to abuse, but of an intolerable system. When, in the days of the mobilization, reports appeared in Europe of the movements of "the army of Kambata" or "the army of Sidamo", an impression was given of national solidarity that was entirely fictitious. If the subject peoples were willing to fight for the Abyssinians, it was argued, their rule could not be as oppressive as the Italians pretended. In fact these provincial armies were the Abyssinian garrisons recalled for service, as British forces might be withdrawn from Egypt or Palestine; their very number, swarming past the Emperor, hour after hour, capering and boasting on their way to the front, testified to the dead weight of the Abyssinian occupation.

Here was imperialism devoid of a single redeeming element. However sordid the motives and however gross the means by which the white races established—and are still establishing—themselves in Africa, the result has been, in the main, beneficial, for there are more good men than bad in Europe and there is a predisposition towards justice and charity in European culture, a bias so that it cannot for long run free without inclining to good; things which began wickedly have turned out well. The very feature which to-day seems most odious in the original depredations—the unctuous avowals of high principal with which they were made—has itself pro-

vided a check. The significance of the Congo atrocities is not so much that they were committed as that they were exposed and suppressed ; there is a conscience in Europe which, when informed and aroused, is more powerful than any vested interest. Even in the terms of nineteenth-century liberalism there has been more gain than loss to the African natives. It was to the interest of the exploiters to preserve the exploited from the endemic ravages of plague, famine and massacre to which they were heirs, to educate them for profitable contacts with an advanced machinery of commerce and administration ; waste lands have been made fertile, hunted peoples have been made secure, vile little tyrannies have been abolished. The Abyssinians had nothing to give their subject peoples, nothing to teach them. They brought no crafts or knowledge, no new system of agriculture, drainage or roadmaking, no medicine or hygiene, no higher political organisations, no superiority except in their magazine rifles and belts of cartridges. They built nothing ; they squatted in the villages in the thatched huts of the conquered people, dirty, idle and domineering, burning the timber, devouring the crops, taxing the meagre stream of commerce that seeped in from outside, enslaving the people. It was not, as in the early days of the Belgian Congo, that bad men with too much power, too far from supervision, were yielding to appetites of which their own people denied them satisfaction. The Abyssinians imposed what was, by its essential nature, a deadly and hopeless system. In the tin roofed offices at Addis Ababa the "*Jeunesse d'Ethiopie*"\* drew up occasional programmes of reform ; there was a model province at Asfa Tafari conveniently near the railway line to allow visiting Europeans a cursory inspection ; palace officials were always ready to explain in glib French how, bit by bit, the whole Empire was to be brought under a new and enlightened system—these things affected the nation as little as might a committee

\* The society of "progressive" Abyssinians.

of women welfare workers in Europe passing a resolution deploring the use of tobacco. Even in the "Jeunesse d'Éthiopie" itself there was little real desire for change; a weekly visit to the cinema, a preference for whisky over *tedj*, toothbrush moustaches in place of the traditional and imposing beards, patent leather shoes and a passable dexterity with fork and spoon were the Western innovations that these young men relished; these, and a safe climb to eminence behind the broad, oxlike backs of the hereditary aristocracy. Perhaps the Emperor himself thought of something more ambitious; perhaps a handful of his circle vaguely shared his thoughts; but the governing class as a whole were immovable. Something, it was realised, had to be done to ensure the support of the mysterious, remote, incalculably powerful organisation at Geneva, of which Abyssinia had become a part, something on paper, neatly type-written in French and English. Tricking the European was a national craft; evading issues, promising without the intention of fulfilment, tricking the paid foreign advisers, tricking the legations, tricking the visiting international committees—these were the ways by which Abyssinia had survived and prospered.

It was generally supposed among her neighbours that Ethiopia would disintegrate at the death of Menelik and in provision for this they made an agreement in 1906 renouncing competitive action in the subsequent resettlement. France and England had no desire for extensive additions of territory, contenting themselves with a guarantee of their interests in the railway zone and the Blue Nile respectively. (England, as was shown in the judiciously revealed Maffey report, has not changed her ambitions since.) The principle of 1891 was re-affirmed that Ethiopia lay within Italy's legitimate sphere of influence. In an exchange of notes between the British and Italian governments in December, 1925, the understanding was made more explicit; Great Britain undertook to support the constantly evaded Italian request

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to build a railway through Western Ethiopia connecting her two colonies, recognised as exclusive Italian economic influence in West Abyssinia and the whole territory to be crossed by the railway, and promised to support all Italian demands for concessions in that territory. There was complete agreement between all parties. If Ethiopia broke up, Italy was to assume whatever political authority she desired ; if it remained intact she was to develop it by means of peaceful economic penetration.

Ethiopia did not break up on Menelik's death. There were grave disorders but government of a kind was maintained. The crisis did not come until the summer of 1916 when, at the height of the European war, no one could contemplate an expensive campaign in Africa. Lij Yasu, Menelik's successor, was deposed after a series of engagements and risings which continued sporadically until his death in 1935. He fell because he attempted to re-orientate his Empire. He was predominantly Mohammedan by blood (his father was a superficially Christianised Mohammedan chief ; his mother Menelik's daughter by a Mohammedan wife) and he conceived the idea of a vast East African Mohammedan state, under German-Turkish auspices, embracing the territories of the allied powers. He tried to break the domination of the Abyssinians of the four Christian kingdoms and was broken by them. In the succeeding period the power was precariously shared between the Empress, the Shoan military party represented by the veteran Fitaurari Hapta Giorgis, the Church represented by the Coptic Abuna—all strongly Conservative—and Ras Tafari, the son of Ras Makonnen. It ended, not without bloodshed, in Tafari achieving supreme power.

At the peace conference, as is notorious, Italy received an inconsiderable fraction of the advantages which had been promised her as the price of entering the war upon the side of the allied powers, but she was in no mood for imperialistic adventures. The situation envisaged in the 1906 agreement had not fully come into being.

Accordingly, she decided to encourage Abyssinian aspirations towards unity and reform and with this end overcame British opposition and secured Abyssinia membership of the League of Nations. From then onwards her policy was an economic and cultural imperialism of the kind which the United States of America have imposed upon their unprogressive Latin neighbours and of which the Treaty of Friendship, signed in 1928, was intended to be the charter. It was the frustration of this policy which provoked the war of 1935.

In the spring and summer of 1935, while both sides were preparing for war and negotiations for peace were being made at Rome, Paris and Geneva in an atmosphere of increasing futility, the Italian Bureau of propaganda issued a series of documents in English and French itemising the acts of offence perpetrated by the Abyssinians, which attracted little sympathy among the public to which they were addressed. The public utterances of Signor Mussolini had been rhetorical and uncompromising,\* those of the Emperor of Abyssinia studiously temperate. The cinema-going public of Europe was accustomed to the spectacle of Signor Mussolini in exuberant baroque attitudes; of the Emperor, hierarchic and remote as a figure from a Byzantine ikon; troops and war materials were daily being shipped from Italy to East Africa with the maximum of ostentation; the Abyssinians moved bare-foot through unfrequented passes. For fifteen years the civilised world had been contemplating askance the destructive force of its scientific discoveries. In these circumstances complaints about Abyssinian "agression" seemed patently absurd and neither at Geneva nor in Europe at large were they seriously considered. "Agression" was an unfortunate phrase, bor-

\* "Let no one hold any illusions in or out of Italy. We are tolerably circumspect before we make a decision, but once a decision is taken we march ahead and do not turn back . . . Better live as a lion one day than a hundred years as a sheep." "We must go forward until we achieve the Fascist Empire," etc.

rowed from the vocabulary of the League of Nations. There was never any positive intention among responsible Abyssinians to overrun the Italian colonies and add them to the Ethiopian Empire; they talked of these things in their cups but the Emperor, certainly, indulged in no fancies of that kind. There was, however, a firm determination to restrict to a minimum all intercourse between the two nations and to treat the Italians as the least rather than the most favoured of their three neighbours. They neither wanted Italy's friendship nor feared her enmity. Membership of the League of Nations corresponded exactly to the present of ammunition to Menelik in 1893; the Italians had armed Abyssinia against themselves; they had earned no recompense and no gratitude. Abyssinia had no further use for them. The days were passed when a disorderly and undeveloped country needed to put herself under the particular protection of a great power; what need had Abyssinia for Italian friendship when she had been given the friendship of the entire world? This was the argument of the Court and Jeunesse d'Ethiopie, but in the huts of the soldiers and the tin-roofed palaces of the provincial governors it ran differently; it was thumped out on the oxhide war-drums and chanted by the minstrels, chuckled about over the horns of *tedj*; the Italians were the white men of Adowa; at every feast day throughout the country the veterans paraded in gala dress, rolling their eyes, whirling their swords, slaving at the mouth, stamping themselves into delirium as they re-enacted the slaughter of that day, yelling of the white blood they had shed. The Italians were one with Kafa and the Shankalla, Guraghi and Galla, a conquered people, slaves. It was all very remote from the council chambers at Geneva, from the manifest accumulations of girders and wire and explosives on the quays of Massawa and Mogadishu, but it was the essential temper of the people which, refined and formalised, found its way into the official dealings of the Emperor and ministers.

# The Problem of Recruiting Our Land Forces

*By Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn,*

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## THE THREE SERVICES

THE problem of recruiting the Fighting Services, so far as it presents difficulties in the future, or has done so in the past, is largely that of the Land Forces. The matter that was formerly one of land and sea, has now it is true a third facet since the mastery of the air, but each is materially different from the other in its requirements of personnel. The Navy is a far smaller force numerically both in its first and second line services than are the armies. It is the ship and gun that fight, and the sailor, till it comes to push of pike, but works the two within his "steel-walled pen." In modern times the Navy has never been seriously short of recruits, partly because it has the advantage of teaching a trade that gives an entry to civil life. A man of the Royal Navy is practically assured of life employment in normal times. It is also connected with a longshore population, and has an appeal to our inherited and inherent sea sense, which brings men to its second-line services.

Its recruiting areas are also less affected by the false shepherds who do not know the difference between "peace-loving" and "pacificism," and spread a poison which perhaps can only be counteracted in their victims' minds as they die beneath the bomb and the mustard gas.

The air recruiting question is hardly a problem. The Service has practically no rank and file. It has a large officer and well-paid technical establishment, and it appeals to modern youth, despite the dangers of its peace life. Such ranks as are below the commissioned

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grade are skilled ratings, with skilled rates of pay, prospects in the Service, and an opening in civil life. It finds too a large population of skilled mechanical instincts on which to draw.

The problem therefore which has developed during the last few years is that of maintaining, on a voluntary basis, the Land Forces both Regular and Militia, using the latter word to express all organised troops the bulk of whose time is spent at its civil avocations. At the moment we use the specialised phrase "Territorial" for our main part-time force, though we have the term in other military connections as well.

But if we cannot fill the military establishments considered essential by voluntary means, why not by compulsion, as do the rest of the civilised world? The answer to this is threefold. First, that it is easy to conscript lads who are never to serve far away from their Colognes and Carlsruhes, but quite another matter to take them from Devon to leave their bones in Peshawar. Secondly, that the whole genius of the race is from time immemorial against it, and it is not due, as some would have it, to Mr. Lloyd George's turpitude, that a measure of compulsion was not retained after the World War. But there is a third still more powerful reason, and that is that by no stretch of imagination could our recruit need for the Forces ever approach the numbers that a compulsory system would give us. A ballot would be necessary, and the vicious system would arise by which the man with the lucky number, the *bon numero*, would have not the honour of serving, but the joy of avoidance. Whatever system of organisation you adopt, you would only require a fraction of the quota yearly reaching military age. We are therefore married to a voluntary system whether for Regulars or Militia, and that being so, have to accept the business terms of wages and conditions that will attract to our ranks the numbers we require.

Having now separated the issues, the conditions

that underlie the problem stand forth. Conditions and terms of service must attract. Until quite recently the attractions of the Regular Army, improving steadily with the improvement of the people, have produced the men. With our Militia troops, it has been otherwise. For long this wealthy country has essayed to draw too large a cheque on the bank of goodwill and self-sacrifice. Taking the problem of the two armies separately, let us now look at the problem of the Regular Army, our whole-time military force.

### THE REGULAR ARMY

The problem of recruiting for the Land Forces of this astounding nation has been with us in varying phases of acuteness, since the Crusades. The old militia laws, generally in abeyance, from time immemorial allowed authority to levy, to organise and embody for Home Defence. The sailors, regular and irregular, lived on the sea, and were only known to those ports who made a profit out of them, while the country as a whole saw them not. The regular soldier, more in evidence, has always been anathema. Harold's magnificent huscarles, that marched from London to give Harold Hardrada his due six feet of English soil at Stamford Bridge, and marched back again to repel the other invader, died at Senlac. The rule of Cromwell's major-generals, despite its good points, drove the last nail in the coffin of goodwill towards a standing army. Now the astonishing thing is that these dry bones of history, like those of Ezekiel's vision, will come to life and dance tattoo's for us in some form or other in every decade. Something or other is always coming up to check enlistment from false shepherds to prosperous times.

Since from Tudor times our wealth has come from the sea who cares about the land? It has been explained why our overseas force must be voluntary, and why it must have some comparatively long period of service. Your short-service soldier would spend

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his days and the tax-payer's money in transit, or since acclimatisation is inevitable, largely in overcoming infantile sickness.

Because after the Indian Mutiny it was necessary to double the garrison in India, to take over the East India Company's localised Europeans, and to replace the now inadequate "long service" system, so beloved by those who had not got to administer it, the British Army by a long course of trial and error evolved what is known as the Cardwell system. It is much criticised by those who know little about it, but has for the present served our needs remarkably well. It furnishes all our overseas garrisons, it holds India, it keeps the Italian out of Egypt, it protects Jewry in Palestine and it gives us a force at Home equivalent to that abroad. It furnishes a large reserve to expand these corps of young soldiers at Home, a Reserve twice tried in South Africa and the World War. Half of the "Old Contemptibles" was formed of reservists whose magazine fire was thought by the Germans to come from machine guns. It gave us eleven infantry and two cavalry divisions for France beyond compare, it formed the kernel of the Frontier defence in India, and also of the numerous Indian divisions in France and on the Tigris.

It has survived the shock of the Irish abandonment when our magnificent Irish regiments were smothered and our Irish recruiting ground lost.

This is no place to discuss the actual military needs of the Kingdom as met by the portion of the Regular Army at Home, or the basis on which the establishment of the Territorial is drawn up. Logic is inherently distasteful to the British mentality. So far as the Regular Army goes it may be said to be merely those units that are in Great Britain and necessary to work the Cardwell overseas system, organised into an Expeditionary Force in the hope it will be enough. It might be possible to increase the units at Home, under the voluntary system, and this if men were forthcoming

would make the machine work more easily. Some have urged that we should have a really short service Home army, and a long-service Foreign one. At present the Cardwell System holds the field with conspicuous success, and no change is likely, other than such expedients as may suffice to cater for small fluctuations in our demands. On what does it depend? The answer is: On an adequate presentment of voluntary recruits. Why is it not working satisfactorily at the moment?

The answer is both reassuring and disconcerting. In spite of the Irish abandonment, the system produces far more than the necessary candidates, the tragedy is that they do not satisfy physical requirements. Were it a failure in height, girth and weight, special incubation might meet the case. But the major trouble is for other physical reasons. Further our Army is a jealous Army, and will not accept young men of inadequate moral character. The British nation despite its progress and wealth, despite its costly education system, turns out too many physical and moral ragamuffins. Assuming that a long-term scheme of remedies in this direction is slowly at work, what short-term policy will serve the needs of the moment?

The *Daily Mail*, always to the fore when there are difficulties, opens its columns to suggestions to improve recruiting both for the Regular and Territorial Armies and offered a munificent prize for the best contribution. It cannot be said that much of value emerged, that had not been known or tried these last fifty years by whole-time men who direct their energies to the problem. For instance, bonuses were suggested for those who bring recruits. This has often been tried, but just as rewards for dead snakes result in *ad hoc* snake breeding, so does "bringing money" result in organisation to get all recruiting into the hands of "bringers" and kill the ordinary business. Many of the suggestions covered points long ago adopted, such as the wearing of plain clothes on leave, somewhat to the joy of the hire-purchase

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outfitter. Bonus on discharge long ago proved that in many cases it but afforded a family beano, rather than a start in life. Since soldiers leave the Army fully insured, there is now their unemployment benefit to cover the search for work. Others would see a larger married establishment or at any rate allowances for a wife married off the strength. But the State does not want to encourage men to mate at twenty and produce families when they are not woven into the structure of civil life and community. No doubt the uxoriousness or amative-ness of the young men of today, and the despair at leaving his girl for foreign service is a deterrent to enlistment, and in fact has always been a difficulty in our Army problem. Out of their own experience fortified by anything of value in the *Daily Mail's* eliciting, the Adjutant-General and his Staff are trying what experiments will help the immediate difficulty, and what inducements will really produce tangible results. There is one factor that must be remembered. No young men who want to follow a skilled career can yet follow the colours. More certainty of employment and more vocational training are all helps. The State might well set itself still more sternly to see that Army service is the road to certain classes of employment. There may still be better ways of propaganda, Regimental football tournaments in likely towns, with bands and "Nafi" assisting, may have not yet been fully developed. Commissions from the ranks, given our problem, are not an easy matter. The broadening of the basis by the institution of the "Y" Cadet scheme,\* whereby selected young corporals are sent to Sandhurst, is about the only method that promises results. There can never be enough commissions to make their possibility an enducement. The mass cannot hope to get them. The cry sounds well on a labour platform, but has distressingly little meat in it, so far as encouragement of recruiting goes. First and foremost however, comes

\* The term is now changed to "A"

some stern treatment from the State to all public bodies who in any way attempt to block recruiting efforts. It is probably long before the Leader of the Opposition will recover from the effect of his recent statement that the Government will get no help from him and his following in their attempt to make the nation safe. Nor will the chastisement that he has received from the Premier, enhance his reputation. It is lamentable however, that such statements should be made, or such correction be necessary. The idea that the advantages of the Army should not be insistently put before unemployed young men must be drastically eliminated. Happily, the present Government have used the Labour Exchanges for their posters, but their would be nothing unseemly in more vigorous propaganda in that quarter. There are many short-term expedients which the War Office has at its disposal, while longer-term measures are bearing fruit, and on business principles, attractions in prospects if they will really bear fruit, must be faced by the Treasury.

The recent re-inauguration of the old Militia system as a feeder for the line under the name of "Supplementary Reserve" is a most important step. This offers six months initial training in barracks, and a few weeks each year. In the Militia days the lads undergoing training, finding barrack life to their liking, volunteered for the Line. The same result is likely to ensue now, and modern barrack life is more attractive than it then was.

#### THE TERRITORIAL ARMY

The status of the Territorial Army in this country is now a remarkable one. Originally designed for Home Defence, the World War turned it into an active army of great prestige. It carries on its colours honours as distinguished as the Regular Army. In future it has certain overseas liabilities under special conditions, and it is now a second-line overseas army. In the background compulsory service in war-time may loom.

## RECRUITING OUR LAND FORCES

But it has also now assumed certain first-line liabilities. It, and it alone, defends the harbours, coasts and cities of Great Britain from attack by sea and air. Its units may be the first to be engaged.

The establishments of its field formations, like those of the Expeditionary Force are based on no logical case. A certain force is provided and we shall see what we shall see. But in any case it is incumbent on any Government to see that the establishments it recognises are filled. As has just been said, the calling for second-line voluntary forces at all, without adequate inducements, is to draw an unfair cheque on the Bank of Goodwill. To urge as Lord Rothermere has done, that employers should give facilities, leading the way himself is again to overdraw on that same bank.

Employers usually handle other peoples money, and what you will do in the way of self-sacrifice with an income tax at 1s. 6d. is very different from what you can do with that same tax at 4s. 9d. The young intelligentsia of the country who formed so large a force in the old Volunteer movement have been conspicuously absent in the rank and file of the Territorial Army, especially in that Army today. We are getting back to the days when Kipling so righteously lashed the "Flannelled fools at the wicket, the muddled oafs at the goal," and the people who "killed Kruger with their mouth." There are many causes, the false shepherds, the hot-air portion of the clergy, happily by no means all . . . false propaganda about war . . . a very natural desire to have nothing to do with it . . . old women of both sexes who think that all the world is good and kind ; a desire for amusement, a befogged idea of a citizen's duty ; all conspire. The inferiority complex is not guiltless, and an urgent case exists for giving every one a school tie, even if he never went to school.

Further the general spread of organised games, and amusements in the big firms has "vulgarized" what was at one time the special attractions of Volunteer and

Territorial Army Corps, and this enducement to join is lessened. Training of course is more exigent, and camps are places of work. There is only one remedy for the present state of affairs, and that is to offer sufficient attractions to get the men you want. You may have to see that the men get enough bonus to get a good holiday after camp. You may have to start a campaign among the young women, to let their young men go, nay to insist that they go, even if the said young women are to be awarded a new hat as a bonus also. You may have to give employers an easement of tax for every employé who attends camp and gets an extra holiday without pay. These are perfectly logical and business measures, as logical as giving tax easements for children. With high taxation there is "nothing for nothing and devilish little for sixpence." You cannot have this cheap part-time voluntary force without adequate payments. Further, you must see that your officers as well as your men are not only not out of pocket, but *in* pocket, so that they may have a decent holiday after camp.

One more good idea still remains. The Prime Minister has told the country how he regrets his neglect of the clear warnings re foreign armaments so carefully studied by his three Chiefs of Services, and the Committee of Imperial Defence over which he presides. Might not he now take some prominent occasion, not a hole-and-corner one, of calling on the youth of the country to join the Territorials, aye, and promise that conditions shall be adequate! It would not be an unusual step for a nation's leader in a crisis. Perhaps even the wireless was ordained to this end. At the time of writing his lips are sealed.

# Hitler and the Third Reich III.

By Anthony Ludovici

*(Mr. Ludovici this month concludes his estimate of contemporary Germany with a survey of the cultural and biological background.)*

GR<sup>EAT</sup> as are the reforms discussed in my last article, and wonderful as is the tribute their success pays to the inspiration of the Fuehrer, they are, however, as nothing compared with his innovations in a far more difficult and pitfall-strewn field—the field of human biology.

Three influences—urbanisation, industrialism and the negative Socratic values which began to prevail with the spread of Protestantism, and happened to be favourable to the two former—have now, for almost two centuries, been inclining the people of Europe, and all countries like Europe, to set their faces ever more and more steadfastly against a biological attitude towards man. And this has resulted in the tendency of modern civilisation not only to neglect and despise the body but also to exalt as praiseworthy all those practices which favour the multiplication of biologically inferior human beings.

To deal with urbanisation first, it must be clear even to those who are unfamiliar with the contempt in which boroughs and their inhabitants were held by the rural populations of the Middle Ages, that the city and town do not and cannot breed the healthiest, sturdiest and most active members of the community and cannot, therefore, cultivate a very fastidious taste in standards of human desirability. The kind of occupation open to the town-dweller—quite apart from the air he breathes and the food he tends to live on—neither selects nor is calculated to maintain the soundest types. Moreover, by withdrawing the human being from a close touch with the realities of Nature's work and laws, from the everyday and obvious lessons to be learnt by watching cultivated plants and animals grow, and observing

the conditions essential to their prosperity, town life must in time foster a fantastic or unrealistic attitude to life and its problems, which of itself constitutes mental or intellectual unsoundness.

Over and above this, however, in towns and cities, the very roots of human life tend to wither. In the country there is always some way in which the child only just past toddlerdom can help in the general impersonal work of Nature, even if it is only to scare the sparrows from the ripening corn. Thus children are always welcome and quickly become a further asset to the house in which they are born. But in towns the child tends to become more and more a luxury, an undesired by-product of the sexual adaptation of its parents. The result is that an unnatural relationship begins to grow up between married couples, and women as a whole incline to neglect and despise maternal occupations. In fact, society reaches a condition known as Feminism, on the one hand, in which, as even the Feminist, Havelock Ellis, admits, "Motherhood is without dignity,"—indeed how could it have dignity when children are unwanted?—and on the other a condition known as Pornocracy, in which the taste of the harlot, and the outlook of the harlot, necessarily tend to prevail.

Industrialisation, even under the most humane and solicitous factory laws and regulations, confirms and intensifies most of the worst influences of urbanisation. It cannot help so doing, because, in addition to offering the urban crowds unhealthy occupations, it has not reached that stage of enlightenment when it would necessarily regard it as a duty to protect the character and minds of the so-called proletariat from the besotting and degrading influence of mere machine-minding, or of performing year in year out unskilled, repetitive and often merely fragmentary tasks. Besides, the factory can be adequately served by types which would not have the stamina or endurance for heavy farm work, and this again exercises with the town a preferential selection in favour of unsoundness.

On its occupational side, therefore, it undermines the garnered qualities of a national constitution and character. It lives on the spiritual and physical capital of the people, without making a single contribution of value to either from one generation to another. Thus it creates among a mass of physically deteriorated, uprooted and traditionless individuals, already removed from the instructive realities of life by their urban habits, a standardized type of mind and character, which is steadily becoming more and more helpless, passive, colourless and servile. It means that a race is being reared which in character, body and mind is hardly civilised.

Turning now to the third influence—that of Socratic values—which has made the two former influences possible, it is difficult for the modern man of Western Europe to appreciate the extent to which he has become saturated, "conditioned," and disciplined both in body and mind by the values which tend to underrate and neglect body standards. If we have ceased to look with horror on a man or woman who, although under thirty, has false teeth, if we have ceased to demand an apology from people with foul breath, and if we imagine that human rubbish and human foulness can give us good laws, good poetry, good science and good art, it is wholly and exclusively due to Socrates and his influence.

His chief claim to notoriety is that, thanks to his own wretchedly poor physical endowments in the midst of a population of beauty-venerators, he found himself forced in self-defence to discover a dialectical method of excusing every kind of physical disreputability, degeneracy and putrescence.

He argued after the manner of the fox who had lost his tail, that the beauty of the body is but a slight affair, and that man's greatest achievement is to set a higher value on the beauty of the soul, and he declared to Glaucon, "If there be any merely bodily defect in another, we will be patient of it and love the same."

"Merely bodily defect!"—These three words epitomise the whole savour and trend of Socratic teaching.

Thus radiant and flawless health is everywhere rare among human beings, and wherever Western civilisation has spread the minority of the sound are taxed out of existence and sacrificed in order to preserve, succour and pay honour to the unsound.

Now to set one's face against this deeply implanted bias, to invite modern men, and particularly modern women, in the teeth of their morbid sentimentality, to change their attitude and to honour and look up to the sound, to protect the sound from extermination by the unsound, and to resist their being sacrificed for the latter—in fact, to assume towards humanity the very attitude which to a farmer contemplating his animals and his crops is a commonplace of good husbandry, is to-day one of the most difficult and precarious of undertakings, particularly for the head of a State.

In the lives of the people, Socratic values, by inculcating a contempt for bodily considerations, lead to all kinds of perverted tastes and unwise matings—marriage with cripples, with the hereditarily blind, with the hereditarily deaf and dumb, the diseased and malformed. Three popular works, such as Lytton's *Pilgrims of the Rhine*, George Eliot's *Mill on the Floss* and Charlotte Yonge's *Pillars of the House*, in which diseased or crippled persons are solemnly held up as marriageable or as objects to be specially honoured (and there are hundreds of lesser English novels which do the same), could hardly have been written or read unless a culture had lost its sanity in mating.

Now the fact that Adolf Hitler, as soon as he seized the reins of Government at the beginning of 1933, did not hesitate to grapple with Socrates and, at least in Germany, to discredit him, is surely one of his most remarkable achievements.

True, his assault on urbanisation and industrialism would have been imperfect and abortive had he failed

to attack the values based on Socratic teaching which enable both to flourish. But, apart from the measures he has framed to restore a healthy agricultural life to Germany and arrest the flight to the cities, his daring attack on the traditional "glory" of fifth century Athens should alone have sufficed ultimately to sweep unhealthy tastes and prejudices from his country.

For to-day the sound in health and mind are the honoured of the German nation and, as the guarantors of a desirable posterity, are granted many privileges. Although to us over here this cannot help seeming slightly odd, it is, of course, the most elementary wisdom.

Among the principal measures framed to secure a healthier generation. I would refer to the Law of July 14, 1933, to Prevent the Transmission of Hereditary Diseases. By means of this law it became possible through sterilisation to prevent men and women suffering from certain hereditary diseases, specified in the law, from having progeny. Such diseases are congenital feeble-mindedness, certain mental diseases such as schizophrenia and manic depression, hereditary epilepsy, blindness, deaf-mutism and severe malformations.

All cases are tried before a Eugenics Court, consisting of one judge assisted by two doctors, and their decisions are reached only after a thorough and conscientious inquiry into each case. In the report for the year 1934, published on July 3, 1935, we find that in all 84,525 petitions were filed in the 205 Eugenics Courts, *i.e.*, about one case per 771 of the population. There were 42,903 males and 41,662 females.\* Of this number, 64,499, or about 75 per cent. were heard before the Courts, and sterilisation was ordered in 98.8 of the cases, *i.e.*, 56,244 persons. In 3,692 cases (6.2 per cent.) the petitions were rejected, while in 4,563 the petition was either withdrawn or else referred to a superior

\* The total according to these figures should be 84,565 and not 84,525. But the fault lies with the original German report and not with the present extract from it.

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Eugenics Court, of which twenty-six participated in the ultimate decisions.

Of 8,219 appeals taken against a court order for sterilisation, only 377 were allowed. In 438 cases, appeals were made against the rejection of sterilisation petitions ordered by the Eugenics Court of first instance. And of these, 299 heard before the end of 1934 ended in the granting of the petition in 179 cases, and the reversal of the decision of the first Court.

In regard to pregnant women, it has been decided that, if a valid Court has ruled that sterilisation should take place, the pregnancy may be interrupted provided that this is done before the sixth month of pregnancy.

The importance of these measures will be appreciated, as Dr. Burgdörfer points out, when it is remembered that according to the last census there were 2,000,000 sufferers from incurable disease, crippledom and insanity in the country. The cost of maintaining them was 1,000,000,000 Reichsmarks, or about £76,000,000 a year—a burden which is not only useless but also actively pernicious, seeing that under it the sound cannot have the number of desirable healthy children they might otherwise give the country. To continue suffering such a burden and allowing it to increase, as it inevitably would if it were not dealt with, amounts to sacrificing the sound for the unsound. And this only a nation that has forgotten the laws of good husbandry through generations of urbanisation could ever tolerate.

A further measure, known as the Law to Protect the Hereditary Health of the German People (October 18, 1935) provides for the refusal of marriage certificates to all applicants who fail to reach certain standards of health. Thus a marriage certificate must be refused, (1) to all parties suffering from an infectious disease which may affect the other partner or the children of the marriage; (2) to all parties suffering from a mental disorder which would make it contrary to public policy

for them to marry, and (3) to all parties affected with a hereditary disease within the scope of the law of July 14, 1933, described above.

If both of the parties to the proposed marriage are foreigners, or if the prospective husband is a foreigner, the law does not apply. But if a foreign woman wishes to marry a German citizen, she must subject herself to a medical examination and obtain her *Ehetauglichkeitszeugnis*—her certificate of fitness for marriage.

The law makes it compulsory for these certificates to be obtained from the local bureau of health, and all people contemplating marriage have to undergo a medical examination before they can obtain their certificates.

But these purely negative measures do not satisfy the present rulers of Germany, and, side by side with them, they have instituted positive measures, not merely for encouraging marriage and large families, but also and above all, for giving such encouragement only to desirable and sound couples. Thus, the unhealthy and pornocratic tendency of town life is stigmatized, and honour is given where it is due, *i.e.*, to those who are a guarantee of a desirable coming generation, and who, as married couples, are fit to lead normal lives as parents.

The first measure dealing with this policy, formed part (para. x) of the law for the Reduction of Unemployment of June 1, 1933. It provided that all young couples who desired to marry and who had not the means to do so, could obtain from the Government a loan to the extent of 1,000 marks in order to help them to set up a home. But other measures have since confirmed and amplified these provisions, as, for instance, those of July 1933, August 1933, and March 1934.

The conditions under which the loan is granted are, however, severe. The parties to the marriage contract are required to be of German blood, hereditarily sound, and free from any disease, infectious or otherwise, which would make their marriage incompatible with the best public interest.

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From August 1933 to March 1935, 400,738 such loans were made, of an average of 600 marks apiece, and the statistics show not only a sudden increase in marriages throughout the Reich, but also—and this was one of the objects of the measure—a corresponding decline in unemployment, owing to the number of posts vacated by the girls concerned. The number of marriages encouraged under this law were far more numerous in the urban than in the rural districts, and rose to the level of 12.6 per thousand in towns of more than 100,000 inhabitants.

The loans carry no interest, but are repayable at the rate of 1 per cent. per month. Thus a loan of 600 marks is repaid by 100 monthly instalments of 6 marks. If, however, children are born of the marriage, a quarter of of the loan is remitted for each child, and the repayments are suspended for a year. Of the 400,738 marriages which took place under these conditions, 182,355 children were born by the end of March 1935, and a large proportion of the recovery of the German birthrate may justly be ascribed to these measures.

But these are not the only measures adopted by the Government to promote soundness and good health in the nation. From the Health Record books of the Hitler Jugend—the corps of young Germans constituting the Youth Movement in Germany—to the biological selection of the S.A. (*Sturm-Abteilung*) known as the S.S. all of whose members strike the onlooker by the splendour of their health, build and looks, no detail is lost sight of which can transvalue the Socratic values still latent in the people, and make them honour, seek and favour the sound in mind and body.

The S.S. men may be encountered in every walk of life, and before the stranger, familiar with the spectacle of widespread degeneration at home, has learnt to read the signs or symbols proclaiming their order, his attention is usually drawn to them by their exceptionally fine condition and bearing. Our chauffeur on one occasion

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happened to be a man of this type, whose biological rank was obviously high, and as I was then unaware of the significance of the various badges worn in present-day Germany, I commented to my host on the healthy manly appearance of his servant.

"He belongs to the S.S., the biological cream of the S.A.," replied my host. And he proceeded to inform me that not only did the young man belong to highest biological class, but that his wife, too, when he took one, would require to be the same. In fact, no marriage certificate would be granted either to him or his fiancée unless she could satisfy the relevant authorities that she came up to his standard.

No sense of humour?—Lucky Germany!

# To those who said this Life was Not Enough

*By M. Stanley Wrench*

“**S**UPPOSING there is no eternity,  
And this, this careless world,  
These detached skies, this neutral blast  
That claws the troubled leaves, is all.  
The stained earth heedless of perfection's shade,  
The tainted flower that dies.”  
They said, and saw no spring,  
Though the river, warm-bloomed like a grape, slid by  
Over cool shallows, where flat shadows lay,  
And tasselled branches leaned,  
Slipping into the water, meeting  
Their cool reflections there.  
Where hawthorn, stamen-freckled, bloomed,  
Upholding round buds one by one on a pliant spray.  
Quiet lay on the water, quiet slid  
From every satin leaf.  
There was no need of vast eternity.  
Nor other life than an unseeing sleep.  
Enough this day, the brief felt hour  
Where limitless contentment corrodes doubt  
And fears that live in starless nights.  
Here is the sum of all, this loveliness  
And a cool happiness that mocks at time.

## Tell me a Tale

*By Margaret Elizabeth Rhodes*

TELL me a tale of swans with whistling wings  
Mirrored within the river, sweeping by ;  
A heron black at dusk against the sky ;  
The sudden peace a silver birch tree brings.  
Tell me the pulsing song the blackbird sings  
Of dew-bright cobwebs which the spiders spun,  
And hazy mountains lying in the sun ;  
These half-remembered, old, undying things.

Heal me the hurt your too dear words have wrought  
Upon my angry and submissive heart,  
With tales of swans. . . . For all the joy you brought  
I will give back, and only keep the smart—  
Because we found the thing for which we sought,  
And stood and watched our two ways fall apart.

## Craven

*By Margaret Elizabeth Rhodes*

BEFORE the last flushed cloud turns into gray  
The bat comes darting in its chiselled flight,  
Freed from the life-long bondage of the day.  
His thin scream, knife-like, shivers through the night,  
Rippling the steely surface of its deep ;  
The scented shadow of the lilac cowers,  
While the moon comes with gleaming scythe to reap  
The early harvest of the cherry flowers.

I stepped out from the shadows, and the bloom  
Fell at my feet. I ran from my desire  
And drew the heavy curtains of my room,  
Kneeling beside the hearth to make a fire,  
Lighting the lamp. . . . Until my hands had made  
A fastness for my heart that was afraid.

# The Importance of Trees

*By Lieut-Col. H. C. Elwes, D.S.O., M.V.O.*

**A**N urban population, divorced as it is for the most part from the realities of life and living in artificial surroundings can have little appreciation of the importance of good forestry to human existence. They doubtless accept trees as being a feature of the country landscape without considering their origin or the effect they produce on climate. To quote Kipling they do not realize that "gardens are not made by saying oh, how beautiful and sitting in the shade." That is especially the case as far as woodlands are concerned. They certainly have no idea that they owe the beauty and utility of the trees and woods of this country to the landlords of England, a class that they have been taught by politicians to revile and by their votes have taxed almost out of existence. But so it is and though the days of England's wooden walls when the oak trees of England were her defence, have long passed, the hereditary instinct of the owners of the land to plant trees has still continued in the face of every kind of economic discouragement.

It is important to understand what policies have more particularly produced an adverse affect on forestry in this country. The breaking up of large estates, however beneficial to the country as a whole, and it certainly has not been so to agriculture, was definitely prejudicial to forestry. The larger estates were more able to deal economically with their timber. Tenant farmers forced to buy their land to keep their homes, or induced to do so by the false hopes thrown out by politicians, were often compelled to realize their hedgerow and other timber to pay part of the purchase price. In some cases those responsible for partitioning the estate into lots for sale, added woodland areas to farms for which the farmer then became responsible with like results, or sold the woodlands separately when they were purchased usually by timber merchants at such low prices that the merchant was able to make a profit by selling off all the timber and leaving the area derelict.

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The most damning legislation however was the imposition of death duties which have often forced the heirs to realize prematurely whole tracts of woodlands to pay the duties. Again, these duties have removed from the estate the capital now so badly needed to make forestry meet the national demands for timber by the further planting up of woodlands. So much so, that in this socialistic age it has been found necessary to undertake state forestry at the expense of the taxpayer. Nor can it be expected that the Forestry Commission will be able to conduct their proceedings with that intimate knowledge of locality and history, that pride of ownership and consideration for the future, without which the full economy cannot be obtained. Already there is much justified criticism of the Forestry Commission from responsible quarters. In fairness it should be remembered that they have taken on an unenviable responsibility. A government department is always influenced by transient political considerations that do not influence the owner of property who is building up the amenities of his estate for his own offspring. Only governments that are not influenced by votes can entertain such altruism.

There is no worse instance throughout the ages of man's exploitation of nature than his conduct towards trees. Deserts have been made; anyone can see this who has crossed the deserts of Northern Arabia where once, so it is said, were the granaries of Rome. There is sufficient evidence of a once fertile land now turned to desert by thousands of years of neglect of forestry by civilisation after civilisation. Even in the Sahara the drifting sand still exposes the roots of trees to view. Crossing the remains of the forest of Shobek in Transjordan, perhaps the last of the ancient woodlands in that part of Arabia, one can see the earlier stages of the process of deforestation. The final exploitation took place as recently as the time of the Great War when the Turks cut down the oak forests to feed their engines on the Medina railway. Though the cooler temperature of the air and the richer

texture of the soil is still quite noticeable after leaving the desert, it can be expected that as the goats, sheep and camels perform the last obsequies on the remaining scrub, the district will gradually revert to the same condition as the surrounding deserts.

The ancients, we know, used timber to a large extent, but there is no record of any attempt to replant or to protect the natural regeneration from the ravages of the stock. There is no mention anywhere in the Bible of anyone planting trees unless it was an olive grove, though we have many records of the use of timber, notably that by Solomon in the building of the Temple.

Even to the present day the same process of deforestation continues in many countries. Anyone cognisant of the forestry work in Nigeria will know that the only defence against the inroad of the Sahara lies in re-afforestation. In America to-day it is realized that the clearing away of the virgin forests to make place for corn growing has resulted in summer droughts and winter floods. For what is the function of trees; it is to catch the rain and store it in the leaves, branches, trunk and roots and to replenish the earth with humus from the rotting leaves. If there are no trees the rains rush off in torrents down the valleys to the lower ground as can be evidenced by the fact that in the Arabian desert every valley is a dried-up watercourse, where there is no longer water.

Also the roots of the trees help to draw the water to the surface of the ground and retain it there for the use of man. Consequently in that country to which I especially allude, though plentiful water can usually be found by boring, the places where it comes to the surface are few and far between. Now every urban area is from this point of view a desert as the rain rushes off the roofs and pavements down the drains, so the steady increase in urban areas is bound sooner or later to have an effect on the water supplies of even this wet country. Old men can be heard to declare that the springs they knew as boys no longer send forth as much water and that the general

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water level in the soil is slowly sinking. In fact it may be said that ultimately life cannot exist without trees. The fact remains despite the assurance of Royal Commissions that there can be no serious water shortage in this country and the experience of a summer such as that through which we are now passing.

It is a matter of scientific knowledge that in the case of virgin forests, the annual increment of natural growth is never more than enough to replace the annual wastage caused by decay and death. To obtain a larger increment good forestry is essential. Trees must be cut down and utilised before they begin to decay and die, natural regeneration must be protected from such pests as rabbits, deer and grey squirrels, young trees must be planted where necessary, and all this employs labour and costs money. Now, owing to the large importations of foreign timber and the converted products thereof, the demand for home-grown timber is spasmodic. The price realised is often barely enough to cover the costs of felling and removal. Most of these imports come from countries where the standard of living of the workman is lower than in this country; where transport is often subsidised by government and where the timber itself is the produce of virgin forests belonging to the State or under State control. In most cases these virgin forests are being exploited for the special and acknowledged purpose of rectifying money exchanges. Our own vital interests are therefore subject to some one else's *ad hoc* considerations. The competition is seldom in any case a fair one and is holding a British workman out of a job: there is little incentive to good forestry and our woodlands go to waste. In other words our national assets are being sacrificed to the god of cheapness and quantity. It would seem that our legislators prefer to bribe the urban populations to remain in their unhealthy surroundings by the offer of cheap commodities rather than develop the rural life of the country on which the character and strength of the nation must ultimately depend.

We have a remedy if we choose to use it. Though it is admitted that the proportion of our timber requirements produced by English timber are a small proportion of our total requirements. A great deal more would soon become available if protection to the home industry were given by graduated import duties. Moreover it is not certain that retail prices of commodities would be proportionately increased ; while it is certain that a great impetus would be given to all engaged in forestry.

The Forestry Commission have with laudable endeavour from time to time obtained a census of the woodlands of the country. The probabilities are, however, that the unavoidable incompleteness of any such census errs on the side of shewing a smaller quantity of available timber than really exists. In any case no one has any idea of the large amount of timber that either through neglect of thinning dies standing or is burned to get it out of the way. Much more is used in an unprofitable manner of which there is no record for the simple reason that for it there is no demand.

In a country where the standard of living of the woodland workers is held of such importance that they have been classified as agricultural labourers to come under the minimum wage restrictions, it is inconsistent to import goods free from countries with lower standards of living. Thereby you only protect the standards of the unemployed at the expense of the employed. Forestry in the British Isles could employ a much larger quantity of labour than it does at present and as forestry labour is reasonably interchangeable with agricultural labour the two industries become linked together in a policy of rural development. Nothing means so much to the health and wealth of a nation as a well managed countryside. British woodlands stand in need of constant attention in winter-time and British fields are a disgrace in summer in comparison with the cultivated areas of most of the countries of the Continent.

## Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE English Press may have many virtues, but that of lucidity is not among them where foreign affairs are in question. The troubles in Spain are a case in point. With very few exceptions our newspapers have completely failed adequately to describe the background against which the struggle was set, and can only have bemused their readers with references to "loyalists," "rebels," and "Fascists." Indeed, one may be pardoned for the assumption that the vast majority of those who have written so dogmatically about Spain during the last few weeks have never studied the history of the country, and that few, if any, of them have ever set foot in the Peninsula.

It is the more regrettable that the British public should have been so misinformed, for what has been happening in Spain has a lesson for the rest of the world. Because that country has for several generations appeared to live secluded behind the Pyrenees, it would be folly to assume that events there must always be "*cosas de España*." It was civil strife in Spain that precipitated the Franco-German War of 1870, and this latest outbreak has roused the most passionate feelings among those who would probably have the greatest difficulty in locating Spain on the map. It was Spain, too, that brought Napoleon down in the end, so that it is to be hoped the mistake will not again be made of treating the Peninsula as a world apart. It is satisfactory to be able to claim that the *English Review* at any rate has never been blind to the importance of events in that part of Europe.

### A Stitch in Time

THE first consideration to which one is driven is that if the Right had acted before matters had reached an extremity, most, if not all, of the recent bloodshed would have been avoided. King Alfonso left his country sooner than take the lives of his fellow-countrymen, but no other Spaniard has shown any such scruple. The

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General Election of November, 1933, gave 217 deputies to the Right, 162 to the Centre, and 93 to the Left, but Señor Gil Robles, the Conservative leader, though at the head of the strongest single party, took no advantage of his opportunity. Again, when the Socialists and Communists rose in arms a year later, every possible mistake was made in the crushing of the revolt: the rebel leaders were allowed to go unpunished, while the rank-and-file were imprisoned by the hundred, and in many cases were never brought to trial. Finally, at the elections last year Señor Gil Robles did little save tour the country proclaiming the victory was won, which very soon proved not to be the case.

The responsibility for the present blood-bath in which Spain is wallowing thus rests upon Señor Gil Robles and the old Conservatives, who have played into the hands of the extremists by their apathy and complacency, and it has also to be admitted that the Church must take its share of the blame. Whatever may be said against Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler, they at least spared their respective countries the horrors from which Spain has suffered. It is to be hoped that Conservatives in other countries will take to heart this Spanish lesson that a stitch in time saves nine.

### **The Communist Menace**

**T**HE second reflection is that Communism is clearly as great a menace as it was fifteen years ago. For some time past Liberals, Socialists, and muddle-headed Conservatives have been assuring us that it was a mere bogey, and pictures of Mr. Eden hobnobbing with M. Litvinoff have been produced in support of this thesis. Now we know exactly where we are. The Communist plan of campaign was to get control of Spain, and then to use that country as a base for creating disturbances in Africa. There have already been ugly incidents in Algeria, and Moscow is doubtless also reckoning upon a surrender in Egypt, on the same scale as in Ireland and

India, to help on the good work. It may well be that the world is on the eve of another war of ideas, cutting across national boundaries, and comparable with the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

If this is to be our fate, where does France stand? At the present time her state resembles what it was in not dissimilar circumstances in the days of the last Valois, when she was rendered impotent by internal strife. Yet there are eminent Conservatives who never tire of assuring us that we must hold by France to resist the menace of Nazi Germany. Events in Spain have shown that the real threat to-day comes not from Berlin but from Moscow, and France is the ally of Russia. If Conservatism in Great Britain allows itself to become entangled with the Soviets in an anti-German front in a quarrel which is none of England's, then it will have signed its own death-warrant. Domestic and foreign policy are becoming every day more closely linked.

#### **The Root of the Matter**

**W**HATEVER may be the outcome of the struggle (at the moment of writing it is in doubt) the Spain of the last hundred years has gone for ever. There will be no more monarchies on the English, or republics on the French, pattern, for the roots of the present division go very deep. Once more, as in the days of the War of the Spanish Succession, it is a struggle between the Gothic-Celt-Iberians and the men of Romance blood. If the Right win, as every Conservative elsewhere must hope will be the case, there will be a determined effort to restore the old traditions of pre-Bourbon days, and to organize the country from the bottom upwards on lines more suited to the national genius than those which have been followed since the accession of Philip V.

The plain fact is that General Franco and his forces are fighting for Christian civilization against barbarism, in exactly the same way as Sobieski fought against the Turks. "Europe Red at both ends" has long been the

aim of Moscow, and if the so-called "loyalists" win, the position of Great Britain in the Mediterranean would be imperilled. When the Sultan was threatening Venice in the 'eighties of the seventeenth century, Spain, although at the nadir of her fortunes, sent 12,000 men to the Emperor's assistance, and it is in the same spirit that the best elements have risen against the Reds to-day. This civil war is but the latest stage in the struggle which began when the Arabs landed in the Peninsula twelve centuries ago.

#### A Tendentious Argument

AS soon as General Franco raised the standard of revolt the Liberals and Socialists brought forward the argument that Great Britain should send aid to his opponents because they constituted the Government which had been officially recognized. One does not recollect that they adopted this standpoint when the Left rose in rebellion in the autumn of 1934, but what is lawful on one occasion is surely lawful on another. In actual fact, the British Government has for years refused to assist either party in a civil war, and during the Venizelist rising in Greece eighteen months ago it adopted the same attitude of neutrality as on the present occasion, without raising any protest from the Opposition—but the rebels were of the Left then, which makes all the difference in Socialist eyes.

Equally specious is the claim that General Franco's opponents are fighting to defend democracy and Liberalism. If readers of the *News Chronicle* really regard arson, rape, and murder as Liberal ideals, they are welcome to their opinions, but they must not be surprised if the rest of us hold different views. It is time this nonsense ceased, for it is an insult to the great Liberals of the past to quote their principles in defence of slave-owning African potentates and sadistic Spanish anarchists. Let these scribblers of the Left tell us what they really fear, which is that if many more nations wake up to the danger of

unrestrained democracy, one day England, too, may bestir herself, and they will find a curb put on their mischievous activities. In the meantime it should not be forgotten that these people are still opposing any preparation for the wars in which they are so desirous the nation should engage.

A further argument has been brought forward to the effect that it was quite inexcusable for General Franco to take up arms against a legally constituted Government. Without discussing the corrupt methods by which the Left obtained power at the last General Election, one may reply by a quotation from the High Priest of Liberalism, the late Mr. Gladstone, "I am sorry to say that if no instructions had ever been addressed in political crises to the people of this country except to remember to hate violence and love order and exercise patience, the liberties of this country would never have been attained."

#### Greece and Portugal

THE *coup d'état* in Greece was by no means unexpected, and it is to be welcomed by all friends of that country. Proportional Representation had resulted in a deadlock so far as the two main parties were concerned, and that enabled the fourteen Communist deputies to play a preponderant part and to sabotage the Government. King George is no partizan of dictatorship, but he has shown once more that he is a leader, and that is what the Greeks want and respect. What has happened in Greece is but one more example of the way in which a crisis can be surmounted by a hereditary monarch without a general upheaval.

It is to be hoped that Senhor Salazar, in Portugal, will ponder upon the course of events in Spain and in Greece. He has done much for his country, but he has failed to secure the permanence of his work by not restoring the monarchy. Indeed, at the present time he is using all the forces of the State to crush the growing Royalist

movement when they would be much better employed suppressing the Left. There are no international complications to be feared, and the Duke of Braganza is prepared to accept the present Portuguese Constitution, which is on a corporate basis, with very few alterations. His restoration would certainly be in the interests of Great Britain to whom a stable and friendly Portugal is a necessity.

#### **The German Problem**

**W**HAT are the relations between this country and Germany? The question should be superfluous, but the Government has so obscured the issue that it is not easy to give a definite answer. It is generally understood that Mr. Eden is anti-German and Lord Halifax is pro-German, and that if the Cabinet is blowing hot the latter takes charge of the negotiations, while if it is blowing cold they are placed in the hands of the former. All this is pleasantly reminiscent of those toy weather-gauges consisting of a hut, out of which issues a man or a woman according to the weather to be expected, but it is hardly consistent with the dignity of Great Britain.

If it is desired to be on the same footing with both Berlin and Paris then it would be interesting to know why the latter is unduly favoured. No member of the British Royal Family was present at the Olympic Games, although there were many foreign Royalties there, and the British team was apparently instructed to ignore the wise maxim of "when in Rome do as Rome does" and, incidentally, to insult Herr Hitler by refusing to give the Nazi salute, which was, it is to be observed, given by the French. Had the Games been held in Paris there can be little doubt that a Royal Duke would have been asked to attend.

#### **Arms and Policy**

**O**N the other hand, Germany is clearly arming against somebody: if it is France or Belgium, it concerns us; if

it is Russia or Czecho-Slovakia it is no concern of ours, and should the French allow themselves to become involved, that is their affair. One is tempted at times to wonder whether the vacillation of the Government is due to the badness of its information as to German intentions. We used to have the best Intelligence Service in the world, but it was sadly at fault in the case of Abyssinia, and there is no reason to suppose that it is any better where Germany is concerned. The British authorities were badly out in the number of German aeroplanes, and it is at least doubtful whether Mr. Baldwin is any better documented with regard to German policy.

There are three possible policies for Great Britain to follow. We can incline towards France, we can incline towards Germany, or we can be on the same terms with both: what we cannot do, but what we appear to be attempting, is to adopt one line of conduct one week, and another the next. In the interval between now and the re-assembling of Parliament it is to be hoped that the Government will make up its mind where it stands, for until it does so it will neither obtain recruits for the Territorials nor votes at bye-elections.

#### **A Questionable Action**

**I**T is greatly to be regretted that sufficient time was not given to the House of Commons to discuss the credit of ten millions which is to be given to Russia. Apart altogether from the view which may be taken of the Soviets, it is surely inadvisable to proclaim to the world that it makes no difference if one refuses to pay debts to Great Britain, since a loan or a credit will be forthcoming all the same. We have certainly travelled a long road since the day when military and naval pressure was the immediate consequence of a default. It would be interesting to know whether the Council of Foreign Bondholders and the League Loans Committee were consulted before the Russian credit was opened, and, if so what opinion they expressed.

## Some Foreign Books

THE close of the Abyssinian campaign was a fitting moment for Professor Toscano to publish *Gli Accordi di San Giovanni di Moriana* (Giuffrè, Milan. Lire 35), for he is able to show how Italy was defrauded by her allies of the territorial compensation promised in return for her co-operation in the Great War. These pages are by no means pleasant reading, and it is difficult to resist the author's conclusion that when Great Britain and France made their promises they had no intention of keeping them. Professor Toscano's work is fully documented, and is illustrated by admirable maps, which represent in a most graphic manner the various changes of mind on the part of the Allied Powers as the fortunes of war varied. This is a book which is indispensable to the student of international politics.

Events nearer home have recently obscured the situation in the Far East, and those who wish to keep up-to-date with what is happening there would do well to read *Pacifique-Nord Express* by Alfred Silbert (Nouvelles Editions Latines. 12 frcs.) In a brief compass M. Silbert conducts the reader from Singapore to Kansas City by way of Siam, China, Manchukuo, and Japan, and of every place that he visits he has something interesting to say. Those who still hug the illusion that London and Paris are the only important centres would do well to read this book. There are forces at work in the Far East over which Europe has no control, but which may vitally affect Europe at any moment. M. Silbert is an experienced and talented artist who has here painted in the background against which these events are set.

## From a Garden Seat

By C. H. Middleton.

**M**Y garden seat looks very forlorn and neglected at the present moment. A puddle surrounds it, and the melancholy drips from the trees above splash a dejected looking thrush, as he sits and sighs like Jeremiah over the wandering summer. The borders are tousled and storm-tossed, and many are the casualties among the dahlias and the hollyhocks; even the roses bow their heads in sorrow. Green apples lie bruised and wounded on the grass, and my fourteen greengages are turning mouldy. And all this in the month when nature goes a merry-making, and the flowers hold their mid-summer festival. Was there ever such a July in the memory of man? May there never be its like again! I have spent more hours by the fireside than on the garden seat.

\* \* \*

Now, having taken advantage of the gardeners privilege to grumble, let us think of more cheerful things. One thing which always impresses me is the way gardeners always come up smiling and deliver the goods. Whatever the weather may be there is always somebody who appears not to have been affected by it. I went to a village flower show the other day, and as I squelched across the oozing field to a soggy tent the last thing I expected to find was a good show of summer flowers and vegetables. But there they were, sure enough! Lovely roses and delphiniums, fragrant sweet peas; plates of luscious raspberries and gooseberries; and as fine an array of vegetables as one might wish to see. How they all got there, and where they came from, is something of a mystery; but they seemed to be quite unimpaired by the weather, and the exhibitors quite undaunted. There appeared to be considerable excitement over the judges' awards, and I overheard a conversation which proved that gardeners can be good sportsmen. A little group was gathered round a col-

lection of vegetables marked "third prize," obviously the property of an aged pot-hunter, who was rearranging the labels. "I can't quite see how they make that out" said one, "can you Ted?", "No," answered Ted, "I can't. I reckon old Dan ought to have had first easy." Then up spake the patriarch himself. "Well, maybe I did; maybe I did; but many's the time I've had first when I ought to have had third, so it balances out pretty well." If all judgments were accepted with the same calm philosophy, how much more pleasant such competitions might be.

\* \* \*

But let us return to the garden. I found a very pleasant feature recently in the garden of a friend, which struck me as being rather original. He had long been troubled in his mind as to how to make the best use of an irregular bank in a rather damp and shady corner. A rockery was what he wanted, so he built one. However, the Alpine flowers refused to flourish, and after a few unsuccessful efforts he decided to plant it with ferns. Starting in a modest way, with ferns scrounged from the neighbouring woods and hedgerows, the collecting craze soon got hold of him, and now he has more than fifty varieties in his rockery, and very nice they are too. I commend the idea to anyone who would like something novel in the way of a rock garden. In my opinion, ferns never look so well as when associated with rocks, and when well arranged and grouped, as I saw them, they produce an effect of sheer beauty. I'm afraid my education has been badly neglected where ferns are concerned. I had no idea there were so many beautiful varieties. There is the hardy Maidenhair, the Lady fern, the Ladder fern, the Royal fern, and scores of others every bit as graceful and attractive as the greenhouse ferns. We seem rather slow to recognise their garden merit; yet I am sure that this particular fern rockery, or rock fernery, if you prefer

FROM THE GARDEN SEAT

it that way, has given its owner more joy than any other part of his garden.

\* \* \*

Passing on to look at the herbaceous flowers, he remarked that he never could get enough pink in the border, without planting dahlias or annuals. When you come to think it over, pink perennials are not overabundant. There are, however, two of outstanding merit, which we shall hear more about as time goes on. One is *Sidalcea*, and the other, *Lythrum*. I have for some years had the pale pink *Sidalcea*, and last year I decided to try a few others, so I bought three: *Rose Queen*, *Sussex Beauty* and *Crimson King*. They are all very nice, but the difference between them is not exactly striking. How anyone had the imagination to call one of them *crimson* passes my understanding. It is certainly a lovely shade of deep pink, but as for crimson! I can only attribute such an original description to colour blindness on the part of the raiser. The raisers of new varieties usually rhapsodise over their own productions to the point of extravagant exaggeration, I think they must see them through rose-coloured glasses; perhaps they cannot help it, any more than a mother can help eulogising her own precious bantling, but they might at least keep somewhere near the mark. I have seen catalogues describing dull purple as rich ultramarine blue, and magenta as rich scarlet, all of which is very misleading to the purchaser. One of the most useful works undertaken in this connection is that of Royal Horticultural Society, which gathers together all the varieties and types of a certain plant, grows them all under the same conditions at the Wisley gardens, and then passes judgment on their merits or otherwise. Here at least, we do get an unbiased opinion, which is a reliable and helpful guide. When the crimson *Sidalcea* comes along it will be a real acquisition to the flower border, but it hasn't arrived yet.

The other pink flower I mentioned, *Lythrum*, es-

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pecially the variety *Rose Queen*, is worthy of a place in every garden ; its rich pink spikes provide quite a welcome break of colour in the summer border ; it is not seen often enough.

*Lythrum*, again, flourishes down by the water and looks very natural. It is an improved variety of the purple loosestrife that beautifies the water's edge of so many of our brooks and rivers. Somehow or other, it always reminds me of a brook I know in Hampshire and the River Kennet, with its clear cool water, and its chalky pools and trout.

\* \* \*

There are of course, plenty of nice pink shades in the hollyhocks, both singles and doubles. I like hollyhocks, there is something stately about them, and they always provide a good standby as the summer advances. When properly grouped at the back of a border, or among dwarf shrubs, they can be very effective. I have some lovely buff and cream shades out now which are really delightful. I have heard some people object to hollyhocks for two reasons, One is that they are supposed to be common, because they are seen in nearly every small back garden ; and the other is that they are so highly susceptible to disease, or rust, as it is usually called. Neither of these objections carry any weight with me ; the fact that a flower grows well in a cottage garden is, to my mind, its strongest recommendation ; while as for the rust, this need not prove alarming. I always grow hollyhocks from seeds, and make a point of saving seeds from plants which have suffered from the disease, rather than from the healthy ones. This may seem to be all against the laws of the Medes and Persians, but I find that in my case at least, seedlings from a rusty parent are far less susceptible to the trouble than those from healthy plants. Perhaps the explanation is that, like children with the measles, once they have had it they are not so likely to get it again.

\* \* \*

## FROM THE GARDEN SEAT

The other day I was walking in the woods and I came across a wonderful riot of colour—bright blue, yellow and purple. It gave me several ideas for massed arrangement in my own garden. The wild flowers in question were *Cranes Bill*, *Ragwort* and *Willow Herb*. The *Cranes Bill*, a wild geranium, had carpeted the whole fringe of the woods and in a clearing between the trees, the *Willow Herb* had taken complete possession, holding the fort until the bracken finally occupied the whole terrain. The *Ragwort* had covered the untrimmed bridle paths, and, in a rare interval of scorching sun, was being raided by thousands of droning bees. I used to be told that *Ragwort* tainted the honey like privet, so I expect some apiarist has received an unpleasant flavouring to his loaded hives. However, my object in describing the woodland is not to dilate on honey but to point the moral that we can get many ideas for arrangement in our own gardens from the weeds and wildflowers of the woods. I know someone who tried to bed out the *Willow Herb* and *Wild Geranium*, but it was not a success. Some of these colourful woodland weeds can perhaps be introduced with caution where you already have a wild corner of the garden with a natural setting. Their service is to give us an idea of natural arrangement and then it is up to us to imitate nature with our improved garden flowers.

# GARDEN DESIGN

A Quarterly Journal of Horticulture and Garden Architecture

EDITED BY PERCY S. CANE.

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# The Last of the Old Ladies

By Susan Goodyear

IT was a November day in Westminster when Mrs. Johnson made her fateful proposition to Miss Adela Griggs. A very ordinary kind of day it was, with clouds in the sky. Something in the air that was not quite dense enough to be called fog, and a chill damp breeze blowing down the long road that runs from St. Stephen's to the river. It made Mrs. Johnson shiver as she turned the corner out of the street where she and her husband had lived for fifteen years until his death six months ago. She walked towards the Embankment, with her head bent against the wind and her eyes on the ground. The road was familiar, with the kind of intimacy that belongs to middle age. She had not known it till she was nearly forty and so had never seen it as a child might—as a sum of separate and distinct interests. It was for her just something to be *overcome* on the way to somewhere else. She saw it only as a long grey ribbon with a patterned border of a different colour.

Today she walked along it heavily and hopelessly to the little hat shop kept by Miss Griggs in one of the streets that led towards the Abbey.

She had bought her black hat there, straw it was, with a piece of black ribbon round the crown, and a bunch of small black grapes at the left side. She had protested that somehow fruit did not seem like mourning, but she had been overborne by Miss Griggs, who assured her in calm tones which admitted of no discussion that it was all the thing now. And really she had been too tired and worried to argue about such a trifle. After all, there was no one but herself to be offended by the incongruity, if such it was. A month ago she had gone to her again for her winter hat of black felt, and though she had carried home with her one of velvet, relieved with a touch of white, she had felt pleasure in accepting the other's decision. It was curious, for all her life she had

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been one who wanted her own way. It was indeed so unusual that she herself had wondered about it and had concluded that she was probably "stunned." She understood that the sudden death of a husband did very frequently leave the widow in that state. She hadn't, it was true, felt any particular grief, but there had been a dreadful loneliness. It wasn't that she wanted him back, but she wanted someone. She missed him at meals, not his conversation for there had been none, but the noises he had made, eating and drinking. At night she would sleep restlessly, waiting for the familiar creak of the springs as he got in beside her. There had been a time when the sound would be followed by the touch of his large hand on her shoulder, filling her with a fear that was not quite pleasure. That was long ago though and she had forgotten it. But she missed the warmth of his presence, and the comfort due to the unconscious knowledge that the terrors of the night come only to the solitary.

They had lived in two rooms over the little general shop, where occasionally she had been allowed to take her husband's place and sell to children, with pennies in their dirty hands, anything, from Lyle's Golden Syrup to papers of pins or packets of nails. Each week he had given her money, so little that if she bought her vegetables in Strutton Ground and her meat late at night, if she mended with one stitch instead of nine, and washed their clothes and rooms not quite often enough to keep them clean, then Saturday evening found her solvent. But what more could one expect from the trade that came to such a shop in such a neighbourhood? Indeed, sometimes she had been afraid that when he locked the door at the end of the week, he would turn to her from the till and say there was nothing he could give. It had never happened, but for a long time now she had been glad that her boy had died. It would have been a dull, hard life for him, and he might have turned bad and wild, like the boys that lived round them. It was

pleasant to sit in the half light after her work was done, when it was too dark to mend and yet too early for the gas, and remember him, especially the way he used to lie on her lap and put up a tiny hand to stroke her face. That was her favourite picture, and when she was very tired and miserable she would spread it out in her mind with a secret sense of guilt. She had a feeling that perhaps she might be keeping him back from heaven by thinking of him like that. But, after all, it was her only pleasure.

She had felt very helpless when it came to the funeral. She was not used to business of any kind, but the doctor had been good and so had the undertaker. The latter had told her the cost of a simple coffin and a grave. She had been horrified—surely the whole contents of the shop were not enough to pay for them. She had said so, but the man had smiled and told her to search the house, to look for a bankbook and a will. The result had been surprising. She had found notes, even gold, and the address of a solicitor. It had become clear that the source of his money was not the profits of the little general shop; he had, as his papers showed, played the usurer on a small scale, but to such good effect that his widow found herself, six months after his death, possessed of an income of four hundred pounds a year derived from Consols, and consequently, almost exactly as safe as civilisation itself.

Only the day before everything had been settled and now she was going to have tea with Miss Griggs. She had received a note hoping she still liked the hat and asking her to tea on Thursday, early-closing day. It had given her great pleasure, for she was really very lonely. She said: "Good morning" to the postman and the milkman, but that was all, for while her husband was alive, they had, like the rest of London's respectable poor, "kept themselves to themselves." The little shop was closed; in a few days it would be opened again, but not by her. The new people needed her rooms,

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she had sold her furniture to them ; on Monday she would have to leave, and she had no plans. It would be good to talk to someone about them. She warmed to the thought that, after all these years, she was going to have an intimate hour with a woman. She remembered it was fifteen to twenty years since she had shared a thought with any but a man, not, in fact, since her mother died.

Unconsciously her feet began to move a little faster ; the pain she felt beneath her toes as they touched the ground hurt her less, and the wind seemed to find it harder to make its way through her black cloth coat. She turned into Baker's Rents, paused a moment before the window, where a dozen hats declared the nature of the house, then slowly raised her hand to the knocker. A scrap of dirty paper, caught by the wind, blew against her skirt and tried to enter with her ; she bent and threw it out with a movement of disgust, then followed Miss Griggs to the room at the back of the shop.

She looked round with an approving glance. It was not as small as one would have expected, twelve by fourteen probably. The window looked out into a tiny yard behind which rose a gloomy block of workmen's flats, but inside the room there was comfort and cleanliness. A cheerful fire burnt in a small open kitchen range of old-fashioned design, its hobs shone with polish, and on one stood a kettle whose lid lifted every now and then with a little click, as though it would remind Miss Griggs that it was ready for tea-making. Opposite the window stood a couch that looked as if, at night, it might become a bed. There were two easy chairs by the fire, and two straight ones drawn up to the table where the white cloth was spread for tea. A gas burner hung from the centre of the ceiling and, above, a patch of black crept out, fainter as it spread towards the walls, like the ripples made when a stone is dropped into water.

Soon they were seated opposite each other at the table and Mrs. Johnson was able to observe the other

woman more closely as she made and poured out the tea. She had not seen her like this before. She had changed from the dusty black of the shop to a dress of golden brown. She was a rather handsome woman of about forty, big and fair. Her hair was orange rather than red, her eyes were almost yellow beneath brows a little darker than the hair; her hands were large and white, with long pointed nails. Her voice when she spoke was soft and insistent, it made Mrs. Johnson just a little sleepy after tea, though perhaps that was due to the warmth and the easy chair.

She had commented on the comfort in which Miss Griggs lived and in quiet level tones it had been explained. "I don't depend altogether," she was told, "on the profits of my shop. I have rooms above that I let."

Mrs. Johnson had shaken off her drowsiness at that and asked a question or two. She was interested, not unnaturally, in incomes derived from sources other than the obvious, and then she had been a respectable woman all her life and she wasn't going to start being anything else now. She remembered for a fleeting second her surprise at being asked to tea after those two short encounters. Her fears, however, were soon put to rest by Miss Griggs' story of how her nights were disturbed by the new baby lately produced by the young couple who rented her upstairs rooms.

"I was left the house and business by my Father's sister," she said. "I came to live with her a year before she died. She always said she'd make it worth my while and she did."

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Johnson, "you're one of the lucky ones. There aren't many that get paid like that for a year's work. I had to slave thirty-five years before I got anything I could call my own." She told Miss Griggs then of her husband's death and her unexpected independence.

The other knitted slowly while she listened, looking

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up now and then without moving her head, and when the tale came to an end, she nodded and said: "You'll hardly know what to do with yourself."

Mrs. Johnson moved uneasily. This was what she wanted to talk about, but she didn't like to begin yet so she let her eyes wander round the room seeking something of which she could speak. She had had so few opportunities for conversation that words came to her with great difficulty.

"That's a nice bit of silver you've got," she said at last, jerking her head towards the tea-tray. "Real, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Miss Griggs. "I always felt I'd fancy my tea best out of silver. It belonged to a cousin of my mother's. She came to live here a few months before the end and she left it to me in memory of what I'd done for her. I've had a lot of trouble and worry," she went on, shaking her head. "I don't seem to feel it at the time, but when the work's over I just go to nothing till I find somebody else who seems to need me. But I must say I've always found people appreciate it. Why, when I was young an aunt of my father's got me to go and keep her company and when she died she left me quite a tidy bit. Yes, I've nothing to grumble about."

"They must have found you a great comfort, dear."

"I think they did. They all said they found me quiet and restful. There's such a thing though as being too quiet. I like to be doing, that's really why I keep the shop on."

Mrs. Johnson looked down at her work-worn hands, now so soon to be idle; their knuckles were swollen and the nails were grimy, their skin caught in the rough stuff of her dress at a hundred tiny points as she moved them on her skirt. What was she going to do with her empty hours? An idea had just come to her, but she hardly dared to voice it.

"I've thought of something, Miss Griggs," she said, nervously. "I don't know if *you'd* think of it."

"What is it?" the other asked, getting up to put coal on the fire.

"I've been wondering about Hastings . . . I went there once when I was a child. How would I feel if I did nothing? Why, I'd feel like somebody that wasn't me . . . But suppose . . ." she was feeling painfully for words which would appeal to her hearer . . . "Suppose I was to run a nice little house at Hastings and let rooms. I'd make a bit more and not be idle."

Miss Griggs laid her knitting on her lap, folded her large white hands and watched.

"Suppose *you* were to come, too?" There was a long pause, then Miss Griggs began again to knit.

"I couldn't," she said. "Now, *could* I?" And she told of the certain little income she had from her shop. She seemed able to produce a balance sheet from memory, and her quiet voice spoke of figures and of profits till Mrs. Johnson again had to force herself awake.

"I wouldn't do it, dear, without making it fair," and hurriedly she suggested a plan for sharing her income while she was alive, adding: "I've no one of my own; if I went first, you should have everything. I'd make that legal, I would, Miss Griggs. Of course, I don't know you well, but I'm sure you'd be a comfort. I'm certain sure of that and that's what I would appreciate."

Miss Griggs passed the tip of a red tongue round her lips.

"I see," she said. "Well, this is what I wasn't expecting. I don't like to say no at once with you so set on it. I must think." She proceeded to talk of Hastings, of the sea and of lodgers while Mrs. Johnson, her point made, settled back in her chair and was wakened only by her own nodding.

"What a loud purr that cat's got," she said, sitting up and rubbing her eyes. "I declare I believe I'd dropped off."

"Cat! there's no cat here. I don't like 'em," said Miss Griggs.

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"You don't say!" Mrs. Johnson said, looking round the room curiously. "I suppose I must have been dreaming. I really thought there was a big yellow cat purring in front of the fire. Well, that wasn't company manners, Miss Griggs. I'm ever so sorry. Now, to go back to what we were saying. Don't you think you could bring yourself to fall in with that plan of mine? Think how lovely it would be to get a bit of fresh air and a sight of the sea every day. *Do say yes, dear.*"

"I'm not fond of water," murmured Miss Griggs, "I must think. I couldn't possibly say one way or the other yet. I'd have to dispose of this business first, though I'm not saying, mind you, that I don't like the sound of it."

"We'd have it so comfortable," Mrs. Johnson went on, looking round the room again. "I've got a few hundreds left in the bank that I could spend on really good furniture, and with some of your pretty things it would look fine. What did your mother's cousin die of, Miss Griggs? The one that left you the tea-pot, I mean?"

"Die of?" said the other woman slowly, resting her hands on her lap for a moment while she stared meditatively into the fire. "She didn't exactly die of anything. She just failed."

"Failed? Old age, was it?"

"N-no, she was about sixty, I think. She was quite an active body when she first came here, then bit by bit she came to lean on me for everything. She wouldn't get up of a morning. I took her her breakfast in bed for a treat one day, then soon she began to ask for it. I'd creep along with a tray about nine, and give a little scratch on the door, not enough to wake her if she was asleep, you know, and sometimes she would be. She was a wonderful hand at sleeping. I've nothing to blame myself for. I gave her every comfort, I'm sure. I think sometimes I let them count on me too much. Still, strength seems to be given." She stopped abruptly

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and glanced at Mrs. Johnson who was nodding, but jerked herself upright again as the voice ended, and then reluctantly got up to look at the clock.

"Why! It's half past six. Time goes quick when one's comfortable. Goodbye, dear. When will you have your answer ready, do you think?"

There was another visit, and another, many more.

March saw them in a little house in Hastings, with everything polished and waiting for the guests to whom neat advertisements in several papers had announced that Mrs. Johnson and Miss Griggs were prepared to charge moderately in some months and exorbitantly in others.

Their first season was a success. The guests were satisfied, so was the servant they had been compelled to engage and so also were the two friends. In view of their profits they decided to open the house to visitors only during the months when high prices could reasonably be asked. In November they took a holiday, for they were both a little tired. Mrs. Johnson looked younger, brighter, happier than she had done on that momentous day a year ago when she had walked painfully down the long Westminster Road to Miss Griggs' shop.

"And it's all due to you, dear," she said as they sat over their tea on the afternoon of their return to Hastings.

"People have always told me I'm a comfort," answered the other mechanically. She, too, had changed but in a more indefinable way. If there was still about her something feline, it was no longer of the sleek, well-fed, domestic specimen that she reminded one, but rather of something fiercer, of some creature that had to fight for its daily food. Her voice though was the same, quiet, insistent, soothing.

"When are our next visitors, Adela?" Mrs. Johnson asked as she got up from the table and seated herself in an easy chair by the fire.

Miss Griggs rang the bell and a servant removed the tea-things.

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"I can't get used to it, not even yet," she said. "Me, as had to scrub my own place always and short of soap, too. And a fur coat! Really, dear, I think you did push me a bit far there. Still, I told myself, we're much of a size, so I can lend it when I don't want to go out, and that'll be pretty often, for I still feel my feet."

"That's kind of you, Milly, I'm sure. I would have got one myself, but somehow it didn't hardly seem worth while," and the tip of the red tongue flickered for a moment across the lips.

"Worth while? What do you mean by that? You aren't thinking we won't do well, are you, Adela?" Mrs. Johnson was startled. Underneath her content there still lurked a fear that Miss Griggs might want to leave her, might not be satisfied. She was one who liked, it seemed, to fuss over her friends, and Mrs. Johnson wasn't used to being fussed, and had up to now resisted offers of meals in bed and other such little luxuries.

"I didn't mean anything in particular," said Miss Griggs. "It was just a manner of speaking. About visitors—we said we'd take it easy over Christmas, but we've got two people for New Year week-end."

Mrs. Johnson glanced anxiously at her friend. She was answering shortly. She'd been like that for some time now. There was something she wasn't pleased about. She made a rapid decision and said a little awkwardly:

"Would it be much bother, dear, if I was to have my breakfast in bed tomorrow? I am a bit tired-like with the journey."

Adela looked up then and a quick look of something like satisfaction passed across her face.

"It won't be any, Milly. I've often wanted you to. You've had a hard life, it's only right you should have a bit of comfort now. I'll bring it along at half-past-eight, and I'll give a little scratch on the door that won't disturb you if you are still sleeping."

Mrs. Johnson's heart missed a beat, but though she tried, she failed to account for the touch of uneasiness that stayed with her during the evening.

Adela began to talk now as she had done when they first came. She spoke of capital expenditure and of running expenses, of how to reduce overhead costs and many other matters of the same kind, while Mrs. Johnson murmured at times, "Yes, dear," or "You've got such a good head for business."

She went to bed earlier than usual, and fell asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow.

After her breakfast she was disinclined to rise; hitherto she had associated lying in bed with acute illness, but she found it strangely pleasant to stay there drowsily thinking of all the wonderful doings of the past year. She did not think so often of her little dead boy now, and sometimes she would reproach herself for forgetting, but then she would remember that she used to be afraid that she was holding him down to earth. "I'm happy," she thought, as she lay in bed. "And that's good for him. He doesn't have to worry about me being lonely any more."

That morning was the first of many others, but as Miss Griggs pointed out, there was nothing to do at present, so why not rest while she could and keep her strength for the time when it would be wanted.

But this was just what she did not seem to be able to do.

For the first few days she came down about ten; soon, however, she began to stay in her room till past mid-day. One day she didn't get up at all and nobody could have been kinder than Adela. She carried all the trays up herself, brought hot water twice, and even insisted on brushing her hair. The next day Mrs. Johnson had felt ashamed of herself and she was down to breakfast at eight.

"I really couldn't let you do so much for me, dear. I'm not ill, only resting," she said, a little apologetically.

## THE LAST OF THE OLD LADIES

"It was no trouble," replied Miss Griggs shortly, and something of anger and perhaps disappointment showed for a moment in her eyes.

Really, Adela was getting quite tiresome with her passion for waiting on one, thought Mrs. Johnson. Still, anything for a quiet life. And it was not long before she stayed in bed for three days feeling it was impossible to make the effort to dress.

It was then Miss Griggs had sent for the doctor.

He came and examined Mrs. Johnson carefully, found her blood pressure low and her pulse abnormally slow.

He left her to talk to Miss Griggs in the next room but came back, still looking puzzled.

"We shall soon put you right," he said, with professional optimism, "but in the meantime you must stay where you are. I couldn't leave you in better hands, I can see."

"Yes, Adela is real kind to me," she answered drowsily. "Everything I could want."

Miss Griggs came in after she had let the doctor out and stood looking at her friend half asleep again.

"Is there anything you'd like, Milly?" she asked, softly.

"No, thank you, dear." Then, rousing herself a little, she said: "I'm worrying over those two folk for New Year week-end. How ever will you manage without me?"

"Don't you bother your head, Milly. Illness in the house agrees with me. I always seem to have twice the strength I have at other times."

And indeed she did seem better; the contented, well-fed look was back in spite of all the weary trotting up and down she had had.

"You *are* good, dear. You couldn't do more if I was your own mother," Mrs. Johnson murmured with her eyes shut. "I suppose I'm not quite old enough for that though," she went on. "I might be your mother's sister though, I suppose."

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The words seemed to suggest something to her. She frowned and opened her eyes, then she tried to sit up in bed.

"There, there, Milly," said Miss Griggs, soothingly. "Don't you go trying your strength like that. I'll run and get you a nice cup of tea. Doctor says we're to feed you up."

The doctor came each day and meekly Mrs. Johnson took the bowls of gruel, or of Ovaltine, and the bottles of meat essence which he advised, but they did not seem to be what she needed. Brandy raised her blood pressure but only temporarily, and gradually she sank into a kind of coma. Miss Griggs was in with her every minute she could spare from the house, and though she was doubtful whether she was understood, she told her quietly in flat level tones of everything that went on. The last evening of all Mrs. Johnson lay motionless with her eyes closed in the big double bed she had insisted on having. The room was lighted only by the gas fire. Miss Griggs was ready with the brandy poured out waiting for the first sign of consciousness, talking softly, steadily, insistently, of how satisfied the two visitors had been, and how she had managed to hide from them the fact that there was illness in the house. Then suddenly Mrs. Johnson had thrown back the clothes, sat up in bed and cried in a loud voice: "Stop stroking it! It's waked me again. Send it away." Then in a whisper, "Sorry, dear, but you told me you didn't like them."

She fell back again and that was the end.

The next season Miss Griggs managed the house alone. In October there came an old lady who had been to them the summer before. The day she left she sent for Adela and the bill.

"I want to tell you," she said as she wrote a cheque, "how comfortable I've been. I shall recommend you to my friends."

"I should be still better pleased, Madam, if you

came again yourself."

"I may do that, too. By the way, I haven't seen your friend this time—Mrs. Johnson, wasn't it? Is she not well?"

"I'm sorry to have to tell you, Madam, that she passed away last January."

"Dead! But how sad for you! That's why you're looking so ill, I suppose. It's too much for you. I expect you're not bothering about your meals. You look wretched, famished." For the old lady was one who believed in the value of facts.

Miss Griggs smiled slowly as she watched her put her cheque-book away.

"I shall be all right again soon, Madam, I expect."

"What was the matter?" she was asked. "Was it sudden?"

"Well, Madam, I didn't understand what was written on the certificate, but when the doctor talked to me he used the word 'lassitude'—'abnormal lassitude.' She just faded away, as you might say. She began to depend on me for everything. It was a great strain."

"I'm sure it was. How did it affect your business?"

"She left her share in it to me and a bit besides. She said I'd been a comfort to her, but she did appreciate it."

"Hm! her appreciation took a more practical form than most people's."

Miss Griggs smiled again as she handed back the receipted bill and for a moment she looked more like her old self.

"I hope, Madam," she said, "I may expect you back before long. The winter is a good time for Hastings. At any time, though, I should be glad to make special terms for you. There are some ladies it is a pleasure to do for."

"Thank you! But I think perhaps after all I'm not very fond of Hastings. Will you be good enough to

get me a taxi, please? "

Miss Griggs telephoned to the nearest rank and watched her go. She went upstairs and looked at herself and saw that the old lady had spoken the truth. She did look a different person, the air of confidence and well-being that had made even strangers turn to her, was gone.

"I've lost something, my looks anyhow," she said aloud, and her voice, too, was different. It had become high and sharp. She covered her face with her large white hands and whispered so that she should not hear the change. . . .

"But I didn't *do* anything."

## Theatre Notice

PROFESSOR BERNHARDI. Phoenix Theatre. By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. English version by LOUIS BORRELL and RONALD ADAM.

PROBABLY at no time since the Reformation has the conflict of ideas been so acute in the world as it is today. It is for that reason all the more surprising that the majority of plays continue to treat happily of trivialities. Mr. Ronald Adam is to be congratulated on putting on in *Professor Bernhardt*, a play which really is about something.

The central theme of the play is the conflict between the points of view of a Jewish doctor and a Catholic priest. The Jewish doctor refuses to let the priest visit the girl who lies dying in his Institute on the grounds that she is happy, does not realise she is going to die and expects her lover to come to visit her. The sight of the priest, however, would make her realise that death is imminent. As it is admitted that the girl cannot hope in any case to recover, it seems to me that the priest is clearly right in attaching more importance to her hope of salvation than to her last moments of life. But this consideration does not vitiate the sense of conflict between two powerful and sincerely held ideals. On the whole, Herr Schnitzler held the balance as fairly as he could between the two points of view, though the final interview between the priest and the professor does, perhaps, less than justice to the Catholic outlook.

It must not be thought that this is merely a problem play. On the contrary, the great and refreshing merit of the play is that it follows out all the consequences, political, social and personal, of the conflict of ideas. The result is a play structurally very well knit and full of interest in the unfolding of the various uncertainties that follow on from the central conflict. There is no love interest and no women, except for a nurse in the first scene. The success of the play is, therefore, a useful lesson that less well-worn but no less real themes can and should be explored in the theatre.

The play is well produced by Herr Heinrich Schnitzler, son of the author. As the professor, Abraham Sofaer gives a fine and well-thought out performance, though to my mind perhaps the subtlest and most satisfactory performance was that of Mr. Ronald Adam as Dr. Flint, the fashionable doctor turned successful politician. The standard of acting of the cast as a whole was good, and among the smaller parts Mr. Alan Wheatley gave a most amusing performance as Councillor Winkler, the suave and diplomatic secretary to the Ministry of Education. DEREK WALKER-SMITH.

## Literary Supplement

ST. JOAN OF ARC. By V. SACKVILLE WEST. *Cobden-Sanderson*. 10s.

LORD KITCHENER. By ARTHUR HODGES. *Thornton Butterworth*. 15s.

It is said that the increase of authors in England is out of all proportion to the growing birth rate. Novelists flower on every family tree and there are so many people writing history that there are few left to make it. When one seeks for reassurance, before this wholesale making of books, a few names emerge in one's mind and none of them more pleasantly than that of Miss Sackville West. Her conscientiousness over scholarship and her sensibility over words lift her far beyond the common tide: it is important that now, when years have passed, *The Land*, and her novel, *The Edwardians* are sharp in our memory. They have survived time which is perhaps the only unbiassed critic.

When Miss Sackville West's *Life of Joan of Arc* was announced, I experienced the anticipation which comes when a good book lies on my table to be read. I opened it, expecting much. I was not disappointed because of any failure to present a lively and thoughtful picture of Joan; an informed and important picture. I closed the book with a clear, sane and beautiful conception of Joan. Miss Sackville West keeps the promise of her foreword in which she announces, "I have kept her consistently in the foreground, at the expense of other interests." She is too enlightened a writer to clutter up her central figure with clusters of lesser persons: too enlightened not to make "many deliberate omissions" for the sake of the central portrait. Joan breathes and speaks, free of superstitious paraphernalia. To the average reader, this new biography will be a fulfilment of all that the average reader expects of Miss Sackville West. But to the carping critic, who is himself concerned in the bewildering business of making and selling words, there must be one faint demur. One seems to hear Miss Sackville West's publisher knocking on her door and hurrying her. A little more time would have allowed her to change the phrase "which need not be gone into in too much detail here," and similar lapses which will some day make Miss Sackville West blush and wish that authors were not forced to live by the publisher's clock. One feels also that Miss Sackville West will some day regret using the personal pronoun. The I's stand up like telegraph poles in the fair field of her prose. Phrases like "I believe that nearly a century of habit" and "I can not wholly agree" make her seem like a lecturer rather than a self-effacing biographer and one's attention is drawn from the object of the biography to the biographer herself. It is carping to criticise this fine piece of scholarly writing in this

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way, but one is offended by one wart upon Romeo's face whereas a dozen warts on Shylock's face would pass unnoticed. To turn from Joan of Arc to Lord Kitchener may seem sudden and unexpected. Kitchener, also, listened to voices although they were more harsh and earthly than the voices which came to Joan. Mr. Arthur Hodges has written a short life of the great soldier which will satisfy those who have no time in this bustling age to read the more comprehensive official work of Sir George Arthur. Mr. Hodges does not pretend to dig deep among motives, or to reveal the core of Kitchener to us. When we turn over the pages of this book and judge the illustrations, we see a strong, assured expression, even when Kitchener was a boy, wearing side-curls, in a family group with his brothers. Even then we see the "unforgettable blue eyes" staring into a wide horizon. Tracing the changes in his face, from photograph to photograph, until we come to him in 1899, induces us to turn to the well arranged record, searching for a key to the iron will and the fortitude of this great soldier of whom Anquith wrote: "Happily K. has a good judgment ....never impulsive, sometimes inclined to be over-cautious, but with a wide general outlook which is of the highest value."

Mr. Hodges can amass and arrange facts into a long narrative without being dull for a moment. He catches us up into his record with the skill of a good novelist unfolding his plot. Some day, when enough time has passed for us to be more ruthless in digging into the sources of Kitchener's involved and remarkable character, one hopes that Mr. Hodges will write still another biography of Kitchener so that we may know not only what he did, but what kind of man he was in his heart.

HECTOR BOLITHO.

1715: The Story of the Rising. BY ALISTAIR AND HENRIETTA TAYLER. *Nelson*. 12s 6d.

It was high time that the story of the Fifteen was retold in the light of the fuller knowledge of today, and Mr. and Miss Tayler were eminently the people to undertake the task, as this book abundantly proves. Some readers will regret that they have confined themselves to the North, and have not dealt with Jacobite activities elsewhere, but what they have done is excellent, and that is sufficient answer to any criticism.

The Scottish rising was originally intended as a secondary affair, while the main blow was being struck in the West of England, where King James was to have landed at Plymouth. It was the incompetence of Ormonde that gave the Northern movement its importance, and it was long before the Whigs realised that the danger lay in Perthshire, not in Somerset. Unhappily Mar was

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as incapable as Ormonde, and the present authors make it perfectly clear that had the clans been led by Montrose, Dundee, or Prince Charlie the Elector would have been in greater peril even than was his son thirty years later.

It is satisfactory to find such authorities as Mr. Tayler and his sister clearing the King of the charge of having ordered Mar to strike at so inopportune a moment, while it is undoubtedly true that he was perfectly justified in dismissing Bolingbroke on his return to France. The background is admirably sketched in, as when a letter is quoted from Mar to Argyll asking that as little damage as possible should be done during the campaign to his gardens at Alloa, and promising to treat those of Argyll in a similarly considerate manner. The methods of the "Butcher" in the Forty-Five still lay far ahead.

This volume should be in the hands both of the general reader and of the specialist. It clears up several points which have baffled previous workers in the same field, such as the distinction between the MacLean who betrayed the Jacobite plans in Devonshire and the one who died at Sheriffmuir. By no means the least interesting pages are those devoted to the biographies of leading Jacobites, and the genealogical records are excellent: it is a mere slip of the pen that describes the titular Henry IX as the great-grandson of Mary of Modena. Altogether an admirable book, and admirably done.

CHARLES PETRIE.

AN EARLY DRAFT OF LOCKE'S ESSAY TOGETHER WITH EXCERPTS FROM HIS JOURNALS.  
Edited by R. I. AARON and JOCELYN GIBB. *Oxford at the Clarendon Press* 12s. 6d.

To all who are interested in Locke's philosophy and the development of his theory of knowledge, this book is of first-rate importance. Five years ago, Dr. Rand, of Harvard, published a manuscript written by Locke in 1671 and discovered in the Lovelace collection of papers inherited from the philosopher's cousin, Lord King. Our present editors are able to give us a still earlier draft of Locke's masterpiece written some months earlier in the same year and found in the same library. That it should have escaped notice for so long is doubtless due to being contained in "a large and bulky commonplace book," commenced by Locke ten years before and containing in addition to the present draft of the essay a miscellaneous mass of extraneous matter.

In addition to these two drafts of the essay the Lovelace collection contains Locke's journals dating from 1676 to 1688. These, as the editors assure us are not only indispensable for a knowledge of his life but throw a great deal of light on the growth of his thought on strictly philosophical subjects; e.g., space, time and

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infinity, together with his relations to Cartesianism and the Cambridge Platonists. Accordingly, some fifty pages of this book are devoted to extracts of this kind. When it is added that an appendix gives a comparative table of the two drafts and the essay in its final form, it will be realised with what thoroughness the editors have performed their work and made easy the road for all future students of Locke.

JAMES GIBSON.

THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND. By HUGH QUIGLEY. With photographs by ROBERT M. ADAM. *Batsford*, the Face of Britain Series. 7s. 6d.

THE Lowlands of Scotland do not lack apologists; most Englishmen are only too acutely aware of the Scottish influence in their national life. In this book, however, there arises in Mr. Quigley an apologist for the Highlands of Scotland and one who certainly does justice to the cause.

This is not a guide-book, but despite this, a tourist to the Highlands could probably have no finer companion. Mr. Quigley asks "How is one to approach the Highland landscape without prejudice or predilection?" Is one to accept the Copley-Fielding tradition portrayed by cattle standing in their own reflection in calm lochs, or should one go to that pseudo-Gothic ideal—"the most brutal manifestation of the Gothic spirit" with which the works of Landseer have filled the homes of southern England? The author tells us of the destruction of clan life and rightly deplores the disappearance of the forests and the former cultivated areas which supported a native and virile population. The "deer forest" stage which followed is probably also passing and so we are led to the author's vision of a new era for the Highlands.

He welcomes those modern developments—such as the Grampians Scheme—which promise to bring material prosperity to what must be, otherwise, the poorest area in Great Britain. "The Wade Policy," he says, in welcoming the extension of road building, "has been changed to something more valuable."

There follows in the book a pleasant description of all that can be seen in the Highlands and few Englishmen, having some particular corner of the Highlands in mind, will fail to find an intimate and wholly original description of their favourite hill or glen. The book concludes with an essay on Montrose's campaigns.

The photographs are well up to the standard one expects in this admirable Batsford series. But perhaps Mr. Adam has chosen his climatic conditions rather too well, giving to the reader a sense of aridness in his many illustrations of mountain-tops and valleys. One more usually associates banks of clouds with the Cuillins, which are here replaced by a stereoscopic effect of masses of rock.

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At the same time at least one photograph, such as that of "Sgurr Alasdair" brings out admirably the softness whilst not denying the majesty inherent in the Highland peaks. P. E. B.

PRIVATE OPINION. BY ALAN PRYCE JONES. *R. Cobden-Sanderson. 6s. net.*

THIS is a refreshing little book ; but the pages are unfortunately not cut, which wastes time. It is compounded of excellent travel sketches and early memories as, for instance, of the author's grandmother, of Eton, and later on of the *London Mercury* office. One of the best episodes is the account of a shooting party at Pistyan. There are some excellent unfamiliar quotations, as from the poet Cowper, and two amusing extracts from Alfred Austin :

*Romantic boys ! be still. Will angry names  
Like "battered beast" annul an Earldom's claims ?  
Life is not wholly sentiment and stars :  
Venus wed Mercury as well as Mars,  
Hush your lewd tattle ! seek your slighted beds !  
A cornet waltzes, but a colonel weds.*

And,

*What ! . . . So they say . . . Bah ! Nonsense . . . But it's true :  
True, sure enough—will lay you ten to two.  
Jack saw the brief, Respondent's name endorsed . . .  
Great God in heaven ! Our Blanche to be divorced !*

I do not know if Alfred Austin ever reprinted a poem which appeared in the *Times* to glorify the Jameson raid ; but I can still remember one incomparable line,

*But 'tis bitterly bad to battle beleaguered.*

There are also some amusing reflexions, such as the argument that "if vice loses its grossness it merely becomes tedious. In works of a licentious imagination, however, the absence of grossness is even more fatal. Anybody who has waded through Crèbillon's *Sopha* will understand better the mentality which peopled the Theban desert with anchorites. The characters make love to the metronome. And yet what a charming idea for a book ; the soul imprisoned by Brahma in a sofa, and condemned to remain there 'until two persons, with myself as opportunity, should render each other the first fruits of mutual affection.' An idea ill-served by a half dozen verbose variations on a theme." E. S. P. HAYNES.

THE STRANGE DEATH OF LIBERAL ENGLAND. BY GEORGE DANGERFIELD. *Constable. 12s. 6d.*

THE heights of Olympus are less dizzy than the lofty and luxurious seats of the Epicurean gods who survey the struggles of men without the embarrassment of principles or purpose. To such heights the reader is carried by Mr. Dangerfield. You need

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only forget that you have a part in the tragedy to enjoy the book. The style is brilliant. It supplies the reader with the ecstasy of superior, unenquiring indifference. Even Arthur Balfour is subjected to the deadly shafts of Balfour-wit. The first four years of the last reign are portrayed not as history but as drama. The Parliament Act, Ulster, the suffragettes, the strikes, provide the author with episodes from which to select his incidents. The incidents are selected for dramatic interest.

For the most part the forces behind the action appear as confined to the motives and personalities of the actors. Occasionally the author lapses into historical analysis and disturbs the peace. The suffragette movement is described as a movement towards Life and the vote as an expression of masculinity! The Pankhursts are lined up with Sir Edward Carson, the Lords and the Trades Unions, as rebels against Liberalism!

These lapses bring the reader into danger of remembering that the incidents have recently happened in England. He would be well advised to shut his mind, read on and enjoy himself while he can. The man who insists that the resurrection of Liberal England is better attested than the death should not read the book. He will seek in vain to learn what died. It was not degeneracy, heresy, intrigue, usury, cowardice or treachery. What then is Liberalism?

HENRY SNELL.

**APOLOGY FOR DANCING.** By RAYNER HEPPENSTALL. *Faber 12s. 6d.*

ONE is grateful to Mr. Heppenstall for a certain restraint in his book—his admiration for and love of the ballet is unbounded, but he has succeeded in writing a book about it without indulging in the rather "girlish" enthusiasm which mars so many books on this subject.

Mr. Heppenstall traces the course of ballet from Italy across Europe to Russia, whence it re-emerged at the turn of the century under the chaperonage of Diaghilev. He discusses Diaghilev and analyses the present state of ballet and builds up what seems to me to be an excellent case for a return to pure ballet style, freed from the dramatic and literary references in which it is now submerged. In the author's words: "Ballet is human bodies behaving in an unusually lovely manner seeming to tend towards an ideal pattern, the Platonic Idea of Movement." So ballet should be regarded as an Art, related to the other Arts, but preserving a separate entity founded on its own traditions.

Mr. Heppenstall states that he claims no originality for his book, but surely the lengthy comparison of Isadora Duncan and D. H. Lawrence is something quite new.

A.L.

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THE WILD IRISH GIRL. THE LIFE OF SYDNEY OWENSON, LADY MORGAN (1776-1859).  
By LIONEL STEVENSON. Chapman & Hall 15s.

If the works of Sydney Owenson are not remembered today and only read by the student, she was the first of a school of novelists which is at its height today. The school of female novelists, who are not content to influence the world solely by their writing, but who spring from obscure or poor parentage and set their hearts on reaching the top of the social scale. How many attain the heights that were reached by Sydney Owenson is a doubtful number for the reader of Mr. Lionel Stevenson's excellent biography is overpowered by the number and the quality of the names that the novelist could number among her friends, and more important among her enemies. To a woman like Sydney Owenson there was no limit to her methods of seeking publicity. As the woman novelist of today will embark on any contradictory episode for the sake of publicity, so the leading figure in this work gained fame as much through the attacks of John Wilson Croker, the Mr. Rigby of Disraeli's *Coningsby*, one of whose talents was "the massacring of she-liberals," as through her own words.

Mr. Stevenson traces the life of Sydney Owenson, the daughter of an Irish singer and theatrical manager, who was well connected and proud of his relationship to the Tribes of Galway, and his wife a Miss Hill from Shrewsbury. In the earliest days her father made every effort to have his daughters well schooled, especially in music, despite the unstable state of the family finances, with the result that Sydney dies a dowager, with a salon off Lowndes Square and such celebrated and frequent callers as De Vigny and Browning and all the society which surrounded the Victorian court.

Mr. Stevenson traces the life of this remarkable woman who was one of the most prolific women writers of her age, and yet who had time to be *persona grata* at the Lord Lieutenant's castle in Dublin, at the Abercorns at Stanmore and at the Rochfoucaulds in Paris. It is interesting to observe the development of this fascinating character to whom writing and life was purely a business. Except for her marriage to Sir Thomas Charles Morgan, a disciple of Jenner, the pioneer of vaccination, no other serious romance entered her life, for the reason that there was not time for such trivialities.

In her old age, her vanity which always existed, but which did not displease her friends on account of her wit, showed itself, but at the same time she had accomplished her ambitions.

She said to a friend in her old age :

"I know I am vain. I wrote books when your mothers worked samplers, and demanded freedom for Ireland when Daniel O'Connell scrambled for gulls' eggs. . . . Did ever a woman move in a brighter

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sphere than I do. My dear, I have three invitations to dinner today; one from a duchess, one from a countess, and one from a diplomatist. Now what right have I, my father's daughter, to this? What am I? A pensioned scribbler...."

There are many Sydney Owensons alive and there have been many more, but perhaps none so sincere as the author of the *Wild Irish Girl*, who dared to write an Irish nationalistic novel, and succeed during those years when the Act of Union was being passed.

LORD KILLANIN

## SHORTER NOTICES

A HUNDRED YEARS OF MEDICINE. By WYNDHAM E. B. LLOYD. *Duckworth 15s.*

THIS constitutes a most important and interesting addition to Duckworth's Hundred Years series. Dr. Wyndham Lloyd has written a scholarly and comprehensive account in attractive prose. The book can be recommended both to members of the medical profession and to the lay public.

TEN AFRICANS. Edited by MARGERY PERHAM. *Faber 15s.*

THE clipped literary style in which the bulk of this book is written, reminiscent sometimes of a schoolboy essay on "How I spent my Holidays," makes it a little difficult to digest in quantity. But the subject matter of the book is an interesting presentation of various representative Negro types and should find a ready welcome from that not inconsiderable public who are interested in the Negro race.

GENERAL SMUTS. 2nd vol. by S. G. MILLIN. *Faber 18s.*

MRS. MILLIN's second volume of her biography of General Smute fulfils the promise of the first. Mrs. Millin is a disciple of the Impressionist school of biography, but the exaggerations of this style are less apparent in this book than in her *Life of Rhodes*. Mrs. Millin has had the good fortune to have as her subject one of the most interesting contemporary personalities, and she has done justice to her subject, wisely deciding that the facts of such a career are, in themselves, sufficiently romantic to absolve her from the literary sin of "writing up."

THE ABYSSINIA I KNEW. By GENERAL VIRGIN. *MacMillan 8s. 6d.*

GENERAL VIRGIN was the Swedish Military Adviser for some time to the ex-Emperor of Abyssinia. He is in a position, therefore, to give an informed and intimate account of the country's administrative arrangements. Unfortunately, in Abyssinia so much existed on paper that had but a precarious existence in fact. Reasons

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of health removed General Virgin from Addis Ababa before the actual conflict with the Italians, and, therefore, he is not able to speak of the actual conduct of the war. He does, however, give an account of the schemes for resistance in case of war. It would be unfair to blame General Virgin for the fact that those schemes remained a theory not put into practice.

LOVE AND STRIFE. By WILFRID EWART. *Richards 7s. 6d.*

THE last novel by Wilfrid Ewart, author of *Scots Guards*. This book is written in a popular style on a popular theme and will, no doubt, command its public.

SAGITTARIUS RISING. By CECIL LEWIS. *Peter Davies 8s. 6d.*

LIVELY account of a few years in the life of an enterprising airman.

EAGLES RESTRAINED. By BRIAN TUNSTALL. *Allen & Unwin 7s. 6d.*

A novel about the future with the inevitable International Air Police. We find some of the author's assumptions for the future a little hard to credit, but this need not affect its popularity as a novel of the future.

BOTH HANDS. By HANE BIRD. *Peter Davies 7s. 6d.*

THIS is a pleasantly written story which imposes no strain on the intellect. It can be recommended as holiday or bedside reading.

## Other Books Received

### *Non-Fiction*

THE BIRTH OF WESTERN CANADA. By GEORGE F. G. STANLEY. *Longmans. 15s.*

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY. Edited by JOHN GUNN. *Nelson. 5s.*

THE REVIVAL OF AGRICULTURE. Prepared by a Committee of the Rural Reconstruction Association. *Allen & Unwin 3s. 6d.*

LOW'S POLITICAL PARADE. By DAVID LOW. *Cresset Press. 6s.*

CHATTER ABOUT DOGS. By COULSON KERNAHAN. *Nature Lovers Publications. 2s. 6d.*

THE GLORIOUS BONDAGE OF ILLNESS. By F. PASTORELLI. *Allen & Unwin. 6s.*

AN APOSTLE OF EMPIRE. By ROBERT LYNE, F.L.S., F.R.G.S. *Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.*

CARDINAL MANNING. By SIDNEY DARK. *Duckworth. 2s.*

# BOOK RECEIVED

- JEN SHENG : THE ROOT OF LIFE. By MIKHAIL PRISHVIN. *Andrew Melrose.* 5s.
- POT LUCK IN ENGLAND. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. *Chapman & Hall.* 7s. 6d.
- MEN, MONEY AND MARKETS. By M. D. R. LEYS. 5s.
- SAILING TROUBADOUR. By B. J. KLITGAARD. *Seeley, Service.* 10s. 6d.
- THE DESERT FATHERS : Translations from the Latin. By HELEN WADDELL. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.
- ROMILLY-EDGEWORTH LETTERS, 1813-1818. *John Murray.* 9s.
- WESTERN CIVILISATION IN THE NEAR EAST. By HANS KOHN. *Routledge.* 15s.
- TIME PAST. By MARIE SCHEIKEVITCH. *Thornton Butterworth.* 15s.
- THE WAR IN OUTLINE. By LIDDELL HART. *Faber.* 6s.
- THE OPEN AIR (An Anthology of English Country Life). By ADRIAN BELL. *Faber.* 7s. 6d.
- WM. SHAKESPEARE. A Commentary. By M. R. RIDLEY, M.A. *Dent.* 2s.
- I SEARCH FOR TRUTH IN RUSSIA. By Sir WALTER CITRINE. *Routledge.* 10s. 6d.
- HUMAN LIFE IN RUSSIA. By Dr. EWALD AMMENDA. *Allen & Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

## Poetry

- WITH ODYSSEUS. By S. F. A. COLES. *Lovat Dickson.* 6s.
- COLLECTED POEMS. By GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG. *Methuen.* 12s. 6d.
- THE POEMS OF SIR WILLIAM WATSON. *George Harrap.* 7s. 6d.
- GOETHE'S FAUST (Part 1). A New Acting Version. By GRAHAM and TRISTAN RAWSON. *John Lane.* 2s. 6d.

## Fiction

- CAPTAIN HERON. By W. TOWNEND. *Chapman & Hall.* 7s. 6d.
- PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY STORY. By Six Famous Authors. *John Lane.* 5s.
- THE MAN WHO MURDERED HIMSELF. By GEOFFREY HOMES. *John Lane.* 7s. 6d.
- RISING TIDE. By ELISAVETA FEN. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

## Correspondence

SIR—As members and supporters of the Imperial Policy Group may we claim the hospitality of your columns to express once more the great anxiety which our Group feels and which we believe is shared by a large section of public opinion in connection with British Foreign Policy.

Our Group has long urged that Britain's continued membership of the League should be conditional upon the removal of the penal clauses from the Covenant, and recent experience has shown how vitally necessary it is that the Government should make such a declaration. In the meantime, weeks and months are drifting by without any definite lead from the Government in this direction.

The result of the penal clauses which involved us in Sanctions against Italy has been made very clear for everyone to see. The consequences have been disastrous.

It is most urgent that the Government should, before the European situation becomes any darker, reassure public opinion and make it perfectly clear that British Foreign Policy will, in the future, be based solely upon the interests of the United Kingdom and the Empire, and that we shall undertake no commitments in Europe or elsewhere excepting those which are strictly necessary for the safeguarding of our own interests.

In the view of our Group, the Government should make this declaration and concentrate all its attention upon the re-equipment of our defence forces and the general speeding up of our re-armament programme.

This country is greatly in need of vigorous and determined leadership and a Government which has a vigorous policy. Our Group is endeavouring to produce such a policy, and we hope that Conservatives will do their utmost to impress it upon their local constituency organisations and through them upon the Government.

If the situation is left to drift any longer the consequences will be very grave indeed.

Yours faithfully,

AILESBUURY.

MANSFIELD.

HEREFORD.

MASSEREENE AND FERRARD.

CHAPLIN.

FAIRFAX.

CARNOCK.